

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

We have had three lectures in Toronto this season notable for the peculiar circumstances under which they were delivered. If Mr. Stead's remarkable deliverance were to be added, four singular deliverances might well be referred to. Of Stead nothing was expected but eccentricity and denunciation, but when he took the liberty of spanking his audience and comparing the better class of women with their ostracized sisters, he rather startled his hearers. When Rev. Dean Hole was announced to lecture, the Anglican churches prepared anthems and song services to receive him, expecting to hear something historical about the Church. Instead of that they were given an evening of story-telling, very charming indeed, yet not quite what was expected. Just why people expect anything different I cannot imagine; there is no reason for a great churchman to come out here and become historical. On Sunday last Max O'Rell delivered himself on Cheerfulness in the Auditorium, under exceedingly peculiar circumstances. It was announced above the door that a silver collection of twenty-five cents would be necessary to obtain admittance, yet tickets were sold as if it were an ordinary entertainment. All who heard him were delighted with the broadness of his views and the keen sarcasm of his thrusts at our provincialism and sabbatarianism. On Monday night Mr. David Christie Murray delivered a lecture on Ingersoll and the Bible, with our good friend Rev. Move On Wilson in the chair. That the subject misled the audience was probably not the fault of the lecturer, who no doubt felt that he had a right to leave something to the imagination of those who came to hear him. As subsequent events proved, the majority were itching to hear Col. Ingersoll denounced in the wholesale fashion that he himself uses in speaking of those with whom he disagrees. On the contrary the lecturer was discovered to be heterodox in his views, and while disapproving of Ingersoll's tirades was not slow to point out some of the things that he considered irreconcilable with reason and out of harmony with some of the sweetest phases of a soul searching after the good and beautiful of life.

Lecturers have been an especial fad of the churches and certainly they afford a vast amount of instruction as well as entertainment. I have pointed out the above instances, not with an idea of criticizing Mr. Stead or Dean Hole, nor with the view of belittling Mr. David Christie Murray or Max O'Rell. The latter was certainly very picaresque in trying to make an extra dollar by a Sunday lecture, and I have been told some rather laughable episodes by those who were in his audience and who were afraid they would be arrested for having paid their twenty-five cents into the "silver collection" on a Sunday. The interest in these affairs I think largely centers about the ignorant idea which is so prevalent, that lecturers go about the country at their own great inconvenience, though not inconsiderable profit, as evangelists of some special doctrine or something of the sort. As a matter of fact they are entertainers or failures and select the best means of interesting and improving their hearers and their own finances. It is remarkable that in this lecture-going city of Toronto, people have evinced such narrowness as has led to the criticism of these very distinguished men. It seems evident that those who have gone to such lectures have determined beforehand what they must hear if they are to be satisfied with having received their money's worth. It is one of the most exaggerated forms of bigotry that a thoughtful and conspicuous man cannot appear on a Toronto platform and speak his whole mind without being interrupted, or criticized, or belittled by those who had mentally arranged that he should say something different. Recently a distinguished Irish Home Rule Member of Parliament came to the city and was berated by some of the papers for talking Home Rule to his audience instead of telling stories about Parliamentary life. This is entirely at variance with the similar criticism of Dean Hole, who told his experience instead of becoming a propagandist. In the matter of Max O'Rell's Sunday lecture, while his "silver collection" was a very flimsy business, yet it only accentuated our own narrowness, inasmuch as we do not permit people to pay to hear the same things on Sunday which they hear on week nights. Why should an acceptable lecturer be prohibited from following his calling on Sunday? The same man is listened to by thousands of the best people of the city during week days, yet he must be subjected to a sneaking contrivance to recoup himself if he speaks on the first day of the week. David Christie Murray has a perfect right to his views, and I think that his lecture if listened to in the proper spirit would elevate the ordinary hearer, yet because he saw fit to mildly satirize some of the peculiarities of a popular church some vulgar wind-bag had to hiss him from the audience. This hiss was magnified into a popular expression of disapproval. It must be remembered that those who attend lectures are not children, that they have gone to hear and to learn. If a lecturer's mission means anything more than the mere gathering together of dimes it means the education and elevation of the audience. Toronto can well afford to at least behave itself when at a lecture, and not manifest those intolerant notions so exasperating to a traveled and cultured gentleman who is without any rudeness presenting that which seems to him to be truth.

A painful phase of it is that audiences are not the only critics of lecturers. Those who read disconnected and necessarily much abbreviated reports in the newspapers are given sensational phrases and phases of the lecture, and are supplied with those tokens of disapprobation which are apt to be considered the proper thing with which to disturb the serenity of an intellectual evening. If the people of this city traveled and widened themselves a little more it would do Toronto no harm. If they went to lectures and entertainments without a preconceived notion of what the lecturer or entertainer must provide, they would find themselves widening to an extent which seems to me desirable. It is an unhappy phase of life in our beautiful city that all beauties outside of it must be ignored or derided. We must have taffy and sweet stuff beslobbered over us or else we feel slighted; we must have our own peculiar notions exalted and extolled, or we feel slandered; we must not be criticized or we will protest with the energy of a noisy boy who has

than subject them in later life to the undefined influences of socialism, labor and land reform, as they must come to them some time, without fear of contradiction or any opportunity of explanation? I never did believe in the slop-fed boy. It is ridiculous to assume that in this last decade of the nineteenth century we can feed our young men on baby food and prevent cramps by giving them political peppermint. If the boys want to hear Messrs. Jury and Thompson by all means let them hear them. I believe they are both earnest men and I sympathize with nearly everything they have to offer. Radicalism necessarily has much to do with the hopes of youth. I think the most conservative people are those who have been strongly aggressive yet radical in youth. The violent views of agitators, of reformers, yea, even of revolutionists, find the readiest lodging-place in the hearts of the inexperienced. Such being the case, is it not better that all these things should be discussed and that the youthful mind and heart be prepared so that these doctrines do not come and find first lodgment when discontent, failure and misfortune will

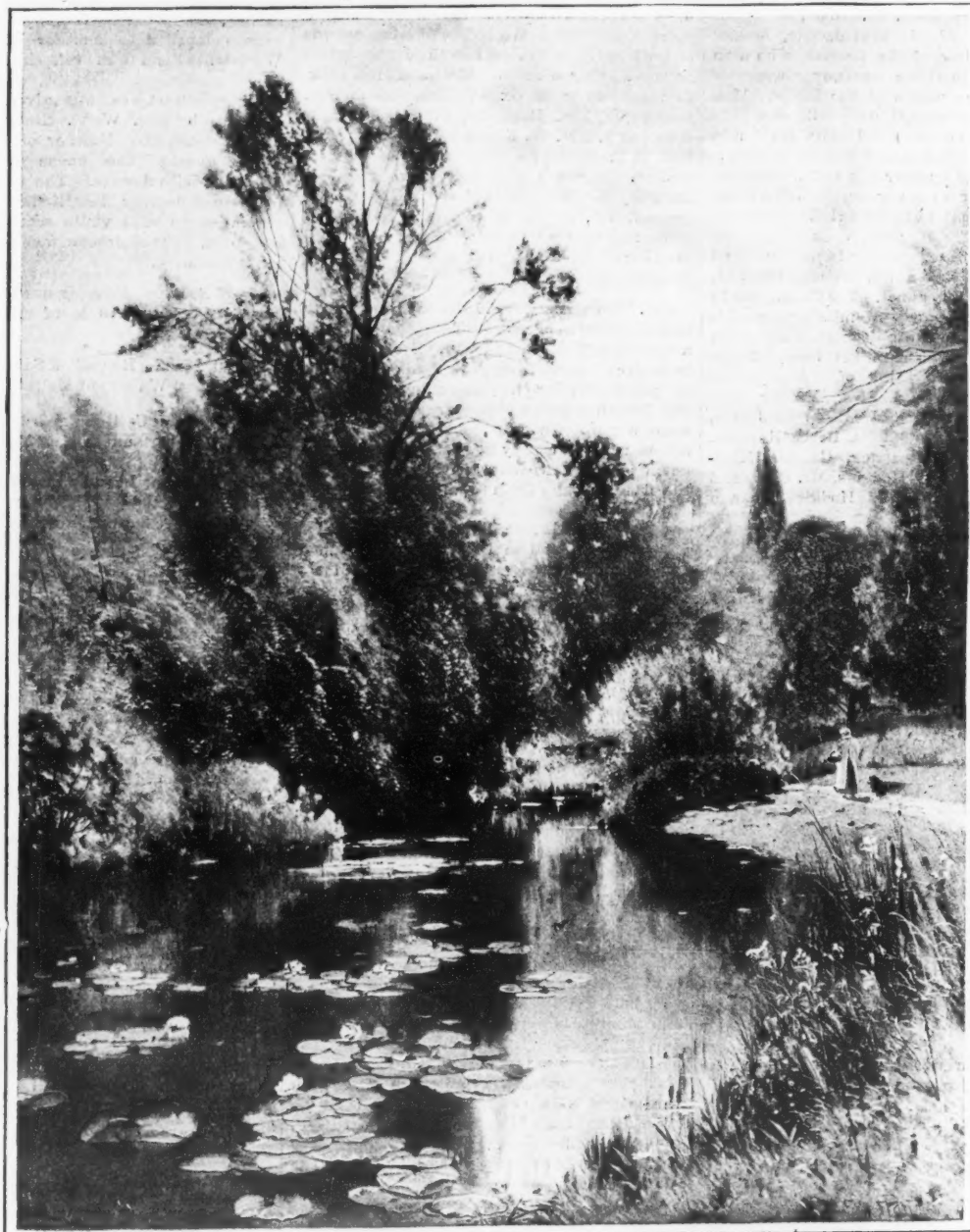
Provinces have no authority to prohibit the manufacture or sale of liquor, is greeted by the Government of Ontario with a joy which does not indicate any vast interest in the reduction of drinking-places in Ontario. The Government has all along been suspected of dallying with the temperance idea in order to obtain votes rather than "abolish the curse." It must also excite a slight amusement to notice the rather wry face that Bro. Marter makes over the decision. It seems really too hard on him that he should have subjected himself to the bruises of sliding off the roof and falling in the middle of the street in connection with the London election, all without injuring those prominent Prohibitionists of the Mowat Government who now gaze on him with ill concealed merriment. It is a great travesty on the sincerity of the Prohibitionists that those in political authority are delighted to find that they are not their brother's neighbor in the matter of selling whisky. The responsibility having been shifted, Mackenzie Bowell must be the scapegoat who goes out into the wilder-

such rapid progress. By the time specified, very likely the drinking habit will have decreased at the same rate as it has in the past, and the country will be reasonably well prepared for a sweeping measure of some sort. Time is the great doctor and, after all, these evasions, which are necessarily a part of political hypocrisy, must have a place in the policy of the factions which rule the country.

The newspapers tell us that in Kingston on Saturday all the crippled and aged male paupers in the House of Providence, a Roman Catholic institution receiving aid from the Ontario Government, were driven to the registration booths by supporters of Hon. Mr. Hartly and there registered as voters. It is also alleged that a number of pauper inmates of the Hotel Dieu, also a Roman Catholic institution receiving Government aid, were registered as voters on the same day. The fight must be exceedingly hot in Kingston when a minister of the Crown has to resort to such extraordinary measures in order to obtain a majority. Poverty is no crime, but at the period when a man ceases to be self-supporting and becomes a ward of the Ontario Government he should also cease to be a voter. Necessarily such indigent persons must feel compelled to vote with those who feed them. That this has been recognized by the Government itself is made obvious by the Revised Statutes of Ontario, chap. 248, that "Anybody receiving aid in whole or in part from such is disqualified by the Election Act, 55 Vic., chap. 3, sec. 6." It is also said that six Roman Catholic priests have registered, and unless these statements are promptly denied it must be held by all impartial persons that the Roman Catholic Church is taking an improper part in endeavoring to promote the election of one of their adherents in order that he may continue in office as a minister of the Mowat Government. I think it is a very great pity that such exhibitions of zeal are made. It fane into a flame the dying embers of a contest which if let alone would soon smoulder and die away. The whole doctrine which has been the mainstay of the Conservative party in Ontario having been renounced by the present leader of the Opposition in this province, it is certainly unwise for the Church or its adherents to make such a desperate effort to elect even so popular and acceptable a man as Mr. Hartly. Dr. Smythe, who is again his opponent, was certainly elected during the general contest, and his friends will write themselves down as hunters after patronage and toadies to people in high places if they do not show the same anxiety to see their principles dominant as they did in June.\* Fortunately for Sir Oliver and his friends, Archbishop Cleary has been silent, and again I repeat it is regrettable that so many evidences of local intolerance should have demonstrated that clericalism is in the fight to stay.

One of the deputation of fire insurance underwriters, who has been long in communication with the civic authorities, told me on the day of the first fire that he was one of those who waited upon ex-Mayor Fleming and asked him to buy fire engines. He tells me that the deputation was told that Toronto had done without fire engines for ten years and could do without them another ten. How disagreeable it is to one's intelligence to think that we have lived for ten years in a fool's paradise. We imagined that our fire appliances were responsible for our immunity from disaster; now we know that we escaped by accident rather than by reason of the provisions we had made for our safety. I am quite firmly convinced that those who have not been made poorer by the recent fires are at least wounded in their vanity if not otherwise. It is no compliment to a business man to observe that he has considered his premises amply protected, when as a matter of fact the protection was of an almost useless sort. Having been slapped as we have been by the hand of experience, it is well to know that these mistakes have already been rectified. All that remains for us is to wonder how the municipal donkeys when they were in office browsed around the vineyard so long and felt so happy over nothing. Now that the trouble, it is to be hoped, is all over, each one of us feels inclined to pick the grass out of our whiskers and try to pretend that we were not amongst those who dwell in the blessed climate where the air breeds fools and feeds them.

The Manitoba School Act is looming up again and is just as welcome on one side of politics as on the other. Neither brood of politicians cares to toy with this disturbing feature. It is bundled into our midst and is apt to become a feature in the general elections, not because the people of Canada wish to chew the rag of dissension but because the reverend gentlemen at the head of an ancient and powerful church propose to have what they want or raise a row. As a politician once said in Illinois when addressing a temperance audience, "It would be better in this state if we raised more hogs and less hell." In the North-West if they would raise more wheat and less disturbance we would be content. Yet principle cannot be sacrificed for the sake of avoiding these bumpings up against creeds. A gentleman has written to me a most furious letter because I made some reference to Methodists as a political sect. I propose to refer to Methodists as a political sect if they act that way, and there is no law or usage that will keep me from attacking Presbyterians, or Baptists, or Anglicans, or any other denomination who intrude themselves as such into politics. I regret to know that they do in-



THAMES.

Mr. Ernest Parton, Royal Academy.

been slapped for his ill manners. This is not giving our intellectual and celebrated visitors a proper welcome, and I protest against all these little evidences of provincialism and poverty of spirit which must create a bad impression and will certainly lead us to be spoken slightly of by these great men when they depart from our midst.

It is odd how these same topics sometimes string themselves along in one's mind, but following close upon the other topics of this week comes the preposterous attitude of the University people in refusing to let Messrs. Jury and Thompson address the students on political economy. I am not at all sure that either of them has very definite or valuable ideas to offer, yet it cannot be denied that they voice the opinion of a certain section of those who have been too frequently excluded from a share in shaping the policies of nations. That they have had much contact with and possess an intimate knowledge of the individuality and desires of the working classes of this country cannot be denied. That their views, radical and disturbing as they may be, may have a great influence on the young men of the University is quite probable. The question, however, arises, would it be wiser to protect the young men of our colleges from a mild and reasonable exposition of these views rather

lend a ready resting-place to all that is theatrical, unhappy and despairing? The mind of youth it seems to me should be prepared for the emergencies of life, and can it be possible that there is any greater mistake that is liable to find lodgment than the prevalent one that the world is all topsy-turvy and that we must reconstruct it before we find a place in which to exercise what little abilities God may have given us? The University authorities need not be afraid that Mr. Phillips Thompson is unaccustomed to the use of quite as fine English as they employ, or that Mr. Jury will manifest less confidence in his theories than find expression in the lectures of the professors. They are both well able to state their case, the boys will be well able to discuss the opinions expressed, and if the University authorities are so narrow as to prohibit the hearing which every sincere and well qualified man should receive when speaking on questions to which he has devoted study, then the boys are quite right in hiring a hall and hearing their lectures even if it lack the sanctification of University authority. If one thing more than another is apt to destroy all belief in the wisdom of the masters, it will be found in the puerile protests of men who think they have learned it all and are determined that the young fellows shall learn nothing more.

The decision of the Supreme Court that the

ness bearing the sins of the much discussed rum-seller. At any rate, the decision defers the hour much dreaded by the manufacturer and retailer, and it is seldom that such a judicial opinion as the one but recently expressed brings such general joy to two opposite camps.

I imagine the temperance man himself, though he has given much time and effort to bring about Prohibition, will feel rather relieved that he is not just yet to be brought face to face with the impracticable conditions of which he has been in such eager pursuit. All the plebiscites and efforts to find out what is considered public opinion in the matter are now rendered useless and the whole responsibility rests on a Federal government which, following the methods of the Provincial Government, can afford to take several years in discussing the matter. When an effort is made to find out what the people desire, a plebiscite of the whole Dominion will be taken and one province will be very apt to neutralize another. Then some other law questions will arise; the courts will consider the affair for a few years, and along about 1950 the matter may come up for final adjudication in the Dominion House of Commons. In the meantime, those who are so anxious for Prohibition will continue their good work and feel exceedingly happy that they are making



sert their finger into the political pie sometimes, to the great detriment of the general public, who universally desire to have their religion and politics on a separate plate. If the high priests of the Church have succeeded in again throwing this Manitoba school question into our porridge, they may be sure that the porridge will be eaten with the Manitoba school question thrown out. I am not speaking from a Protestant point of view, because I am not a Protestant in the sense of being eternally protesting against Catholics; I certainly am not speaking from a Catholic point of view, because I am not a Catholic, except inasmuch as that word means universality; I am speaking simply from a citizen's point of view, and that is the only place anybody has a right to occupy in the matter of politics, and I think I speak for the citizens of this country generally when I say we would thank parsons and prelates to be kind enough to keep their creeds out of our political hash.

Don.

### Money Matters.

In spite of adverse criticisms, the tips which I have given about the Toronto Street Railway Company, from the inception of this article, have been fully justified by the statement published this week to the shareholders. This is not the place to go into particulars with regard to the figures submitted beyond what is an explanation, in popular language, to private investors. I have heard from different quarters some carping criticism that the statement had been cooked, etc. In these cases it struck me forcibly that they were small men who had little or no interest in the Company, or who had sold and would like to cover themselves at a lower price than the shares have risen to. Newspaper reporters also have to my certain knowledge taken the opinion of one man and written out that criticism as the opinion of a whole pile of people. Now all I have to say is this, that before the stock was listed yesterday the statement was submitted to a committee of the Stock Exchange, who reported favorably upon it, and the Stock Exchange, by a vote, approved of the stock being listed. If there had been any suspicion on the part of the committee, who are men of business and specially trained with regard to the value of stocks, they certainly would not have recommended the stock to the Exchange. They took it for granted that men who risked their whole money in opening up such a large business as this must necessarily be honest for their own sake. Some complaint has been made that no dividend was declared yesterday, and no fresh blood admitted into the directorate. One reason for adjourning the meeting was to enable the company to increase the directorate to seven. Therefore, it is not likely that the postponement of the dividend will enable the present holders to sell their stock to much better advantage than at present, and induce larger men to go on the Board. The last year's business shows a net profit of \$250,695.18, being an increase of \$37,835.37, over 1893. They have paid for all their improvements and extensions out of their earnings; even the Toronto and Mimico Railway and Light Companies' property have been paid out of the surplus earnings. The price of the stock is, I think, not likely to increase at present. It may fall, but it is sure to rise later on, because as Toronto increases, and their extensions multiply, the earnings will grow proportionately. This is a comparatively flat place. There are no steep hills worth speaking of, and even the Mimico Railway, which was considered a white elephant, is paying and is sure to increase in the near future. The wonderfully low rate of operating expenses, 54 per cent., is due entirely to the favorable topographical conditions of Toronto and the expenses which they are saved by comparison with steam railway companies. They have no high priced officials, no ticket offices, no advertising expenses, and many other items which steam railway companies are compelled to undertake. The electric railway is run much more cheaply than the steam railway, and today electrical supplies are about one-third of the price that they were three years ago, and as inventions are sure to produce greater economy it stands to reason that improvements in the way of power, etc., will always be on the cheaper side.

I have received some letters finding fault with my comparison of the value of Toronto and Montreal Street Railway stocks. I have nothing whatever to withdraw, because this statement justifies the remarks that have been made. Montreal Roadway stock, after such a very sharp recent advance, should fall. The gross earnings are less than the Toronto earnings. The capital is four million, as against six million for Toronto. The only advantage that the Montreal Street Railway Company has over Toronto is that they pay nothing to the city. The Toronto Company has to pay about 14 per cent., but on the other hand the operating expenses for the Montreal Railway Company are 71.16 as against 54 for Toronto Company. The Toronto Company is more able to pay 5 per cent. than the Montreal Company to pay 3 per cent. A strike at the Montreal would knock out their earnings to a great extent, and they have gradients which require a great deal more power than the flat surface of Toronto. Montreal investors have become interested in Toronto Railway stock. Insiders of Montreal Railway stock are going out, but the insiders of the Toronto Railway stock are holding on.

The talk about the great fires and the action of the fire insurance companies has not yet died away. The gross incompetence of the Fire and Light Companies was never distinctly shown as during the present crisis, and the general indignation talk has been to the effect that they ought to resign and make way for better men. The rotten hose showed also the rotten management of the Fire Brigade, and had such an awful example of negligence been shown in any private firm the responsible parties would have been discharged without warning. The raising of the rates has not met with the approval of those who have had to pay fire insurance for several years. The protests that have been made against the rate of fire insurance in Toronto have been many and bitter. Every possible influence that could be brought to bear upon the combine failed. The reasons given by policy-holders for a reduction of the rates in Toronto were that Toronto had been exceedingly free from fires for a great many years, and that the receipts from Toronto people had been used to pay losses in the country, which were looked upon, in many cases, as accommodation fires. Is it, therefore, to be considered a reasonable thing when, by purely accidental loss, the insurance companies raise, even temporarily, the rates of insurance, seeing that Toronto, for many years, has been a mine of wealth to them? Attempts have been made to get up Toronto companies. When the engineering of this was tried by one of our foremost accountants it did not succeed, because he found that it was financially impossible to do so in this city, and Ald. Lamb's fire insurance scheme does not seem likely to come to maturity either. These failures enable the Combine to keep a bull-dog grip upon the Toronto people. Certainly it must be granted that the Insurance Companies do not do business for glory, nor for the good of their fellow-men, excepting those who are fortunate enough to be stock-holders. It is rumored that the small English Insurance Companies are likely to retire in disgust from this field, and the first step has been taken by the United Fire Insurance Company of Manchester, who have sold out to the Western Assurance Company. This should stiffen the price of the Western Assurance Company, the annual premium of the English Company being

\$175,000. It is to be hoped that some degree of wisdom may be imported into the management of the Fire Department, so as to reduce the rates, which have been, and are, too heavy, and at the same time not reduce the dividends of the different companies.

Kamloops has not yet replied to my enquiry as to responsibility, but I expect an answer every mail.

Commercial Cable has been strong and, although it may fall a little after the rise, still it is likely to hold firm in the end, if not possibly advance.

C.P.R. stock is still weak. The earnings for the week ending January 7 were \$292,000, being a decrease of \$79,000 as compared with the corresponding week of last year.

G. T. R. earnings for the week ending January 12 are \$285,000, being a decrease of \$22,385 as compared with the corresponding week of last year.

The Toronto Incandescent stock is on the rise. The Richelleu & Ontario Stock will be sure to rise, because they will receive immediately \$52,000 cash in payment of a claim of \$40,000, with costs and interest, for a steamer that was lost. This claim has been in litigation for a long time. The Company won in every Court in Canada, and have now obtained the final decision in their favor by the Privy Council.

ESAU.

### Social and Personal.

Mrs. DuMoulin's tea for Mrs. Alder Bliss last Friday demanded a larger housing than could be asked of any private residence, so it was held in the school-room attached to the church of St. James. Hundreds of guests from all quarters of the city were present. The platform was turned into a musicians' gallery, where an orchestra played very pleasantly during the afternoon, and Mr. Starrook gave the smart crowd a treat by singing once or twice. His fine voice soon hushed every whisper and everyone applauded briskly when the song was concluded. Webb furnished refreshments at a pretty buffet. Many cavaliers dashed hither and thither with cups of tea and ices, in search of women whom they had put into certain cosy corners, but who would not "stay put," and the most careful and serious of them all was a handsome, dark-eyed lad not yet out of his first decade, Master Brough, a nephew of the hostess, who with his pretty blonde sister was never weary of attending to the wants of the ladies. Mrs. Alder Bliss (blithe and happy till one feels quite jealous of Ottawa) and Miss DuMoulin were efficient helpers to their mother in receiving the immense number of guests. This tea brought together so many people well known to each other that numerous little groups of intimates were to be seen, each discussing their favorite theme, varying from household matters to the latest novel, the city charities and the impending dance. The Canon was in a happy vein, and many a smile greeted his witty remarks on five o'clock teas and such like frivolities, which in his busy life he rarely has time to think of. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, the Misses Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mrs. and Miss Kirkpatrick, Captain Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins, Mr. Percy and Miss Hodgins, Dr. and Mrs. Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Wood of Wrenoe Lodge, Mrs. Cameron, Dr. Crawford Scadding, Mrs. Arthur and the Misses Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. Greene, Miss Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. Whyte Fraser, Mr. J. K. Kerr, Mr. James, Mrs. Boddy and Mrs. Lapham, Mrs. Montzambert, Rev. Septimus Jones, Mrs. and Miss Parsons and hundreds of others.

Mrs. Boddy gave a very charming tea to about two score ladies on Saturday last, at the Rectory, for Mrs. Lapham, who, I am glad to hear, intends remaining until the end of the month. Such a hostess and such an assistant leave nothing to be desired in the way of tact and cordiality, and seldom has a pleasanter coterie discussed the cup that cheers, with its latter-day accompanying dainties.

Mrs. Charles Crowley of St. George street gave a large progressive euchre last Friday evening. Several visitors in Toronto were added to the list of guests, including Sheriff and Mrs. Murton of Hamilton, Miss Aileen Holmes of Belleville and Miss Scott of Hamilton. A new system of scoring by points was managed so as to give the least possible trouble to the guests, though it necessitated some arithmetic on the part of the scorer. The two first prizes went to one handsome home on St. George street, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell being the fortunate players. The lady's prize was a pair of wrought iron candlesticks shaded with floral screens of delicate colors; the gentleman's prize was a very beautiful paperweight. Mrs. Crowley wore a handsome princess gown of salmon brocade; Mrs. Murton, a rich pale brocade with touches of ruby velvet; Miss Hulme was lovely in pale blue; Mrs. Percy Beatty wore white satin; Miss Hannaford was in tuscany and brown; Miss Boulbee wore white and pale blue. Many other smart gowns were worn by Mrs. Crowley's numerous guests. Supper was served upstairs at twelve o'clock and a very bright and pretty sight was the supper table, which bore evidence of the charming artistic taste of the hostess.

A very pretty tea was given by Miss Ethel Bonnick on Saturday to a couple of score of girl friends, which was of an original and interesting nature. A competition was entered upon by the young ladies as to who could contrive the prettiest cap out of buttercup colored material supplied, and to the winner fell a prize of a souvenir spoon. After making and donning their various fetching caps, the guests were seated for high tea at a lovely table decorated with yellow tulips and many pretty accessories. This was a thoroughly delightful affair and met with enthusiastic approval.

Mrs. Sydney Greene gave a smart little tea on Saturday afternoon to a coterie of intimate lady friends, which was much enjoyed by her guests.

Miss Winnie Graham, who has been visiting Mrs. J. W. Leonard of Markham street, has returned to her home in St. Thomas, Ont.

Mrs. J. Stanton King's beautiful home on St. George street was en fête on Saturday afternoon of last week, when the clever little lady who reigns supreme in its handsome rooms had a successful tea. The Italians played de-

lightfully in the entrance hall and crowds of ladies and gentlemen were present. Mrs. King was assisted by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Wilbur of New York, in whose honor the tea was given, while the Misses King, looking very pretty, and Mrs. King, sr., who is always bright and hospitable, were able helps in the drawing-rooms and refreshment-rooms. A few of the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Manley, Mr. and Mrs. Davies, Hon. Lyman Jones, Signor Delasco, Mrs. Irving and Mrs. Croll, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mr. Alfred Jones, Mrs. Ephraim Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Dwight, Mrs. Boyce Thompson, Mrs. Duggan, Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mrs. and the Misses Macfarlane, and many other ladies and gentlemen. The buffet was elegantly served and the decorations of yellow tulips and prettily shaded lamps were very artistic. Mrs. Adams of Elmira, who is visiting Mrs. King of Jarvis street, was a very attractive and appreciated guest.

Miss Van Ranssaeler of New York, who has been for some time a guest at Ravenswood, is a cousin of New York's brilliant society woman, Mrs. Van Ranssaeler Cruger.

Miss Amy Beatty gave a large progressive euchre party on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. E. Percy Beatty gives a couple of progressive euchres on Monday and Wednesday evenings, which promise something unusually original and pretty in their arrangements.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee's At Home on Monday was of the species crush, for everyone who could go to it was there, though some, having an *embarras de richesses* in the tea line, did not arrive until after six o'clock. Mrs. Lee is one of the most cordial and unaffected of hostesses, and has the knack of making her friends happy, and her daughters lack nothing of their mother's charm except what experience may have to teach them when they in turn become mistresses of happy homes. Mrs. Lee's guests filled her rooms to overflowing, and it was well some took their leave before the late crowds arrived or it is doubtful if the latter would have been able to enter. Mrs. and Miss Kirkpatrick came in at six, and Mrs. Massie, Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Macfarlane, Miss Cary, Mrs. W. E. and Miss Hamilton and Mrs. R. C. Hamilton were others of the late comers. It was a ladies' day; the mistletoe hung dejectedly in the archway, perfectly unnoticed, for, as one of the daughters of the house merrily assured her friends, every male member of the family had been told to stay down town.

Mrs. Montgomery of 290 Huron street gave a ring progressive euchre on Tuesday evening to a very large and smart party. Society people have elected to wear very swell gowns at these peripatetic affairs this season, unmindful of the fact that godet pleats are not to be sat upon in crowded corners, and that progressives are usually so closely packed that the finest gown is not half done justice to. However, the flat has gone forth to wear one's smartest clothes, and gown vies with gown for pre-eminence. Mrs. Montgomery's house is always a pleasant one, and on Tuesday people seemed to be extra disposed to be happy. Miss Montgomery and her sister were solicitous for the pleasure of their guests, who one and all left with regret the hospitable salons. Among the guests Miss Paton was very sweet in a square-necked gown of blue and black; Mrs. Harley Roberts wore a very smart frock with the new bow sleeves, which are a welcome relief from the immense balloon; Mrs. Duggan was in black and *cerise*; Mrs. Armstrong was in pink *crepe*; Miss Edith Jarvis looked lovely in white corded silk; Miss Janie Wallbridge was also charming in white. Other guests were: Misses Milligan of Bromley House, Mrs. Alfred Wright, and Messrs. Jones, Langmuir, Wyatt, Struthers, Osborne, Armstrong, Sweeney, Alf. Wright, Daggan, Wallbridge, Lount, Jarvis, Galt and Staunton.

Mrs. Laing of Lowther avenue gave a tea for Miss Laing's young friends and a few married people on Wednesday afternoon, which was a very jolly and bright reunion. As no less than four other teas were in progress on the same day, people came in by instalments, but the parlors were always snugly filled. Miss Laing was very graceful and pretty in rose pink blouse and dark skirt, and was assisted by Miss Baldwin and Miss Hoskins of Deer Park. Many lovely flowers and much pretty greenery decorated the over mantels and buffet and the refreshments were most dainty. Plenty of young men were on hand and any quantity of sparkling jest and chatter went on. Hockey, balls and concerts were talked over and the evergreen progressive euchres had their place.

The Misses Lee gave a progressive euchre on Wednesday evening, which was very enjoyable.

Mrs. Bickford gave a tea for Mrs. Norton at Gore Vale on Wednesday, at which many smart people were present. It is pleasant to greet this lovely visitor in the home of her childhood again, and everyone is sorry that her stay is to be measured by weeks.

The Misses Seymour, who have been with Mrs. Seymour at the Arlington for some weeks, will sail immediately for southern Europe, where they intend spending some time in a delightful tour.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cooper Robinson have taken a furnished house on Grosvenor street for some months and do not intend returning to Japan until next autumn. Many people have already welcomed them back.

Mr. Alfred Boulbee, who spent a long time last year in England and on the Continent, has brought back some lovely pictures as the harvest of his holiday. Mr. Boulbee has a cosy studio at his home on Carlton street, where an hour flies all too rapidly in admiring the contents of his portfolio and the various gems of scenery hung about the walls. Those who have watched this young artist's work for some time are delighted with the marked advance he made during his sojourn in the Old Country.

It is *sur le tapis* that the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society have decided to hold their

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annual At Home. Society will be pleased to learn that the doors of Osgoode Hall are again to be thrown open for this purpose, as no more beautiful building exists in Toronto. The date announced is February 8.

The staffs of the British America and Western Assurance Companies and their friends are looking forward to a good time at their annual smoker, to be held at Forum Hall on Thursday evening, January 24. The event was first arranged to take place at Webb's parlors, but owing to the fire the committee were compelled to look for other quarters. Webb will attend to the refreshments as usual.

A very smart tea was given on Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. W. G. Hinds, Gananoque, for her sister, Miss Falkner of Toronto, who is her guest. The house was profusely decorated with flowers. The guests had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Hinds' lovely voice in several songs with violin accompaniment by her sister. The afternoon was pronounced by all as charming.

Mr. C. S. Boon, Bloor street east, has gone to the South for a couple of months to visit friends.

Miss J. Maude Russell of Saginaw, Mich., is visiting Mrs. Wallace of Maitland street.

Miss Steen of Carlton street is spending the winter with her aunt in New York.

Mr. Sheriff and Mrs. Murton of Hamilton, Mrs. Gerrie-Smith of Whitby, and Mr. Gannaway of Montreal are guests of Mrs. Crowley of St. George street.

Miss Maud Butt of Rose avenue held a very successful crokinole party on Friday, January 11. Among those present were: Misses E. Warrington, E. Follett, J. Doane, L. Giles, M. Matthews, and Masters "Bud" Stone, J. Follett, C. Whitehead, A. Cooper and F. Matthews. The ladies' prize was won by Miss E. Warrington, and the prize for the young men by "Bud" Stone. Master Stone is very expert at this game, and does not yet know what it is to be defeated.

A Hard Time party is to take place in Whitby Town Hall next Tuesday evening. The invitations are on large squares of brown paper. The lady patronesses are: Mesdames Annes, George A. Foss, Holland and Dartnell.

Rev. George Forneret of Hamilton preached at the Church of the Redeemer last Sunday.

Mrs. (Dr.) Aylesworth gave a small card party last Wednesday evening.

Last Saturday evening the Island Nicotine Club was entertained at the residence of Mr. J. G. Merrick, Mutual street. After very important business had been fully discussed the members adjourned and sat down to play their favorite game of whist. The orchestra, which is so well known in connection with the club, rendered several selections very artistically. This was decidedly one of the most enjoyable evenings the members have spent. Among the officers present were: Messrs. H. M. Price, E. L. Tyner, J. G. Merrick, E. B. Price, H. Y. McNaught, A. J. Rolph, R. E. Gagen and C. E. A. Goldman.

Mrs. F. J. Dunbar of 62 Prince Arthur avenue gave a very sociable tea to a large number of her friends on Thursday. In the evening progressive euchre was played by the young ladies who assisted in the afternoon, and a few gentlemen friends. A most enjoyable time was spent.

Mr. Percy Scholfield of Chatham was in the city last week for a few days.

Mrs. and Miss Cotter of Barrie spent a few days in town.

Mr. Ernest Morphy left last week for New Haven, U.S., where he intends remaining for a few years.

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## Social and Personal.

Government House was in gala array on Thursday of last week, when the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick received a brilliant party of guests. Shortly after nine the hospitable doors were opened to the punctual souls who are always first arrivals, and for the next hour a constant ascending and descending of the wide staircase and the gradual filling of the parlors showed that the beau monde had for once determined to be in proper time at a dance. Government House never looks its best until the crimson carpet is taken up and the ball-room floor shines smooth and tempting under myriads of twinkling lights. The noble room is perfectly proportioned for a very large number of dancers, and the dim cool recesses of the conservatory, where are great branching palms and faint scent of flowers, contrast gratefully with the blaze of light in the *salon-de-dance*. Mrs. Kirkpatrick's well known taste has given to the drawing-rooms a subtle air of elegant homeliness, and on Thursday they were lovely with flowers and bright with an unusually pretty throng of smart young people; the grates held cosy little fires, and the decorations included here and there suggestions of the "flag that braved," and thereby contained the least hint that this house is not quite as other houses, in that it shelters the representatives of royalty. His Honor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick received in the west drawing-room, and the Lady of the Mansion, who shines above all as a sweet and cordial hostess, welcomed stately matron and fluttered debutante with the same pleasant smile and pressure of the hand which accord acknowledgment to *ses intimes* and reassure the newcomer. Mrs. Kirkpatrick was in black with a tiara of diamonds. Miss Kirkpatrick, who was here, there and everywhere looking after her many friends, wore white silk with touches of black. There were a great many white gowns, as should be, when the majority of the guests have not passed the first quarter of a century, and some very handsome black gowns, notably Mrs. Cattana's and Mrs. Forsythe Grant's (the former lady was a picture of gracious dignity, and the latter, as she always is, as bright and piquante as possible); Mrs. Mel-fort Boulton was in white and black; Mrs. Fraser Macdonald was like a spirit of the snow, one scarcely knew where white gown ended and white shoulder began. Mrs. Norton of Gore Vale wore a lovely brocade with fur; Mrs. Law was in black and corn color, with cut jet butterflies *en berthe*; Mr. and Mrs. Oiler of Craig-lies brought their fair young daughter, who was in the regulation white of the debutante; the Misses Coldham, whose advent in Toronto society has been such a gain, were also in white; Mrs. Sydney Greene was very handsomely gowned, and her lovely *vueux rose* and ermine wrap was admired by such as caught sight of her on her *entree* and exit; Miss Chadwick and her pretty sister, Miss Louie, with Miss Daisy McMurray, Miss Louise Jones, Miss Alice Thompson, Miss Bessie Macdonald and a dozen others, were in gowns of white ranging from *chiffon* to lustrous satin. A very dainty gown was worn by Mrs. Theodore King; Mrs. J. K. Kerr was in uttercup brocade and gauze; Mrs. Whyte Fraser was charmingly pretty in white satin; Miss Macfarlane of Jarvis street wore a dashing gown of pale green with deep rose velvet sleeves; Miss Hannaford was in Tuscan silk, with russet bands; Mrs. Alder Bliss, whom everyone was glad to welcome, was in white; Mrs. Hamilton Merritt wore a charming dress of white silk and lace, with some beautiful diamonds, pink roses and violets; Mrs. Temple Robinson, another newcomer who will make a host of friends, was in white with pale blue; Mrs. Covert Moffatt was in white satin and pearls; Major and Mrs. Buchanan brought their pretty little daughter, who wore white with touches of scarlet; Miss Dawson was in pale green. The bright scarlet of several uniforms from Stanley Barracks relieved the numerous white gowns, Colonel Otter, Major Buchanan, Major Lessard and Mr. McLean of Pennyross in full Highland costume being quite gorgeous. Mr. Law, son of Commander Law, was also in scarlet. During the first hour I missed a good many men, whom nothing but such a conflagration as raged a few hundred yards away would have made late at this dance, but nearly all of them turned up later on, slightly serious in the midst of the merrymakers after their hour's watching of the destruction by the fire fiend. However, long before supper the remembrance of what might be happening two blocks away seemed to have faded, for the late comers were the merriest of the guests. Supper was served in the dining-room and was as dainty and elegant as possible, lending new impetus to the dancers as the small hours crept on apace. One of the dances was the familiar music of the Highland Schottische, which was prettily danced by the ladies of the house, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Gibson and several others. Mrs. Kirkpatrick herself tripping the measure as deftly as any, and with pretty smile and dancing eyes showing that she thoroughly enjoyed it.

The annual oyster supper generously provided by Mr. Henry Pellatt for the patients took place at the Home for Incurables on Wednesday evening of last week, when a most enjoyable time was spent. After doing full justice to the many good things provided, under the weight of which the tables fairly groaned, the patients, so happy under the trying circumstances of their lives, arranged themselves around the hall and, donning fancy headgear supplied by Mrs. Pellatt, listened to a very select entertainment which had been arranged by Mrs. Hamilton. Captain Mercer proved an able chairman. At the conclusion of the entertainment Mr. Green returned thanks to Mr. Pellatt on behalf of those present for the good edibles, and to Mrs. Hamilton for her continual kindness to the patients and for bringing Toronto and other talent to amuse them, the patients testifying their approval with many cheers. Mr. Pellatt suitably responded, saying how pleased he felt to see his friends so happy and trusted that for many years he might have similar pleasure. Cheers, proposed



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ON THE S. W. CORNER

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by Mr. Pellatt, for the ever kind lady superintendent, Mrs. Craigie, having been heartily given, the singing of the National Anthem brought a most enjoyable evening to a close.

Mrs. Dunnet of Huntley street gave a lovely children's party last week to a number of well pleased juveniles. The kind hostess, whose friends always enjoy a sight of her bright face, was very successful in catering to the delight of her little guests. What a gay and jolly time the young ones have had this holiday time! I don't remember ever hearing of more small folks' parties than recently. Indeed, little girls have taken to giving teas, at which the latest styles in gowns, the merits and failings of small beaux, and the attractions of the rinks are discussed with a gravity and earnestness that show the girl indeed to be the mother of the woman, (to unsex, as it were, a timeworn proverb). The other day, such a circle had great ideas of future performance; each small girl, as she sipped her cambric tea, told how she would astonish social circles in days to come. "Well," said a fat little woman, with a seedy-looking doll on her knee, "I shall be very good to my children." Her tone and motherly look were the funniest thing imaginable.

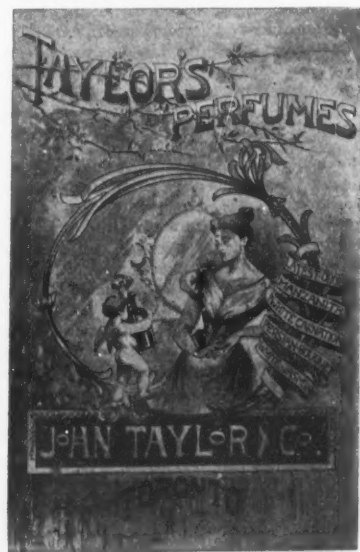
On Monday evening last the residence of Mrs. Walker, 257 Jarvis street, was the scene of a merry gathering, when a large number of her young friends took possession of her spacious rooms and gave a genuine surprise party. A very cordial reception was tendered the party by the gracious hostess, who was ably assisted in receiving by her daughter, Mrs. Cruikshank, whose charming personality won the hearts of all present. The time was enjoyably spent in dancing, etc., until twelve o'clock, when the pleasure-seekers were summoned to the dining-room, where a tempting repast was spread and done justice to, after which, on returning to the parlors, dancing was again indulged in until the wee sma' hours, when the party dissolved for their respective homes.

A Berlin (Ont.) paper thus speaks of Miss Evelyn de Latre Street, who, with Mr. Harold Jarvis, recently took part in a hospital benefit concert: "Miss Street was, till last night, a stranger to our people, but to-day she is considered one of the best violinists who has ever played before an audience ready and capable to criticize. Her tone is full and strong and her technique far above the ordinary. The very fact that she obtained an encore after every number speaks both for her success and her reception by Berlin-Waterloo's often too critical audience. She gave a Fantasia Stueck by Stitt, Air Varie. Vieuxtemps and Raff's Tarantella. She responded to all the encores by the Sixth Fantasia Stueck of Stitt; the beautiful Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana and Raff's well known Cavatina. Miss Street achieved a success in Berlin last night and may count the Berlin and Waterloo audiences friends who will anxiously look forward to a return visit." Miss Street was, during her visit to Berlin, the guest of Mrs. R. Travers.

Mrs. Malcolm Kent, Fairlawn, Wortley road, gave an At Home on Thursday afternoon of last week. A very large number were present. Mrs. Kent also entertained a number of friends at a delightful "drive-whist" party the preceding Monday.

Mrs. J. G. Macoum left on Thursday last for a visit to Ottawa, where she will be the guest of Prof. and Mrs. Macoum.

On Monday evening a most enjoyable birthday progressive euchre party was given by Miss Minnie Henderson. There were six tables, and when the friendly rivalry was at end, an hour was pleasantly spent listening to music and elocution. Miss Henderson, who



was most assiduous in her efforts to secure the happiness of her guests, was the recipient of wishes for many future celebrations of her birthday anniversary.

The Misses Harris of 71 St. George street gave a juvenile dance on Saturday, January 12, in honor of their little nieces, Misses Annie and Naomi Harris.

The Misses McArthur of 400 Bloor street gave a pleasant euchre party on Monday evening, January 14. Among those present were: The Misses Gooderham, Mr. and Miss May, Captain Robertson, Mr. Robinson, Mrs. and Mrs. W. Maclean, the Misses Burns, Mrs. J. Burns of Winnipeg, Miss Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. MacLennan, Dr. Creaser, Dr. Thistle, Dr. MacArthur, Miss Griffith, Mr. Ryerson, Mr. Pearson, Mr. McGann, Miss Wallbridge, Mrs. Bonnell, the Misses Thompson and Mr. McWhinney.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Johnston, Jr., have returned from England and Paris, where they have been spending the holidays.

The social event of the week in Guelph was the long anticipated amateur theatricals, for sweet charity's sake, in the Royal Opera house last Friday night. The house, with the exception of a consumptive-looking gallery, was packed. A society play has no charms for the gallery seventy-five per cent. of the audience came to gratify social curiosity; fifteen per cent. were there from charitable motives; the remaining ten per cent. bought their tickets to see "what awful asses amateurs can make of themselves." These ten per cent. went away a disappointed and aggrieved minority. The whole affair was a brilliant histrionic and social success, from whatever standpoint you take it. The audience was an ultra fashionable one; the two plays given were sparkling and witty, with the players superior to the bill of fare. The first play was A Game of Cards, a curtain-raiser, the second, a farce-comedy, A Modern Caliph. The cast comprised Mrs. Pepler, Miss Chisholm, Miss Saunders, Miss Crawford, Miss Parker, Miss Finlay, Mr. Hardley Wilmot, Hon. C. N. Daly, Mr. Pepler, Mr. Bull, and Mr. E. Homer Dixon. Mr. Wilmot in The Modern Caliph carried off the honors amongst the gentlemen. Miss Chisholm as Mrs. Gill-

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hand, the argus-eyed mother-in-law, was equally good and proved an admirable support throughout the play. An universal favorite everywhere, Miss Beatrix Chisholm, has again added largely to her local laurels. Her picturesque individuality fairly brought down the house on several occasions last Friday night. Miss Finlay made an excellent sourette and remained on excellent terms with her audience throughout the evening. Mr. Daly as the Chevalier de Rochefort in the first play, played the old French noble of a by-gone generation to the life. As the sport-

ing masher in the second play he was simply inimitable. Mr. Pepler was a happy success as Ralph Ormerod, the twin hero of the piece. Of the balance of the cast, I am only sorry that the limited space accorded by SATURDAY NIGHT prevents my doing them the justice they have so well deserved. Amongst the audience were: Mr. and Mrs. B. Ross McConkey, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bond and the Misses Bond, Mrs. Saunders, Mr. Yeates, Captain and Mrs. Merewether, Mr. A. McKinnon, Mr. Harley, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Bernard Saunders, Mr. Robt. De Maury, Mr. T. C. Dawson, Mrs. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Torrance, Mr. Chas. Dunbar and party, the Misses Holliday, Mr. and Mrs. Finley and party, besides many others. The net financial result, which I believe is a very satisfactory one, goes to the two hospitals here.

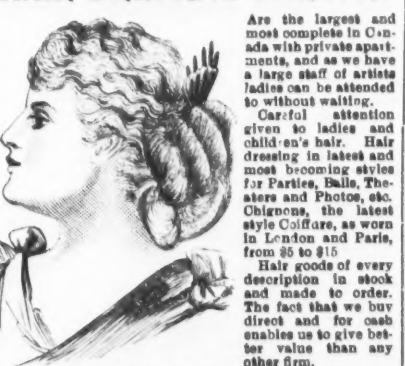
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#### CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

Jack Howard grinned when he read the letter from Mr. Lampton. "I am an unromantic creature to represent Fortune touching Dick on the shoulder, but with this letter to show, an ogre must look charming to Dick," he said. "Fortune's busiest messenger is Death, so I need not be ashamed."

Jack knew that Dick was timed to sleep this night under the shadow of the great Castle at Windsor. It therefore behooved him, Jack Howard, to reach Windsor at the earliest possible moment next morning, so that he might intercept Darrell before he got far on his way to Virginia Water.

Howard's first business was to "raise the wind." That morning he had sold a pen-and-ink drawing to an illustrated penny paper, and had received the meagre sum of five shillings for the same. But a man's wants increase with his increased income, and Jack had spent half a crown of the five shillings. He wished he had been more frugal. And then he stripped himself of his waistcoat, and, holding it at arm's length, looked at it critically. "Good for half a dollar," he said, and hastily bundling it up, made out into the swarming streets.

At a pawnshop he could easily have raised the half-crown on this article of clothing, but pawnshops are never open when a person really needs their aid. So he made his way to the nearest second-hand shop, and displayed his garment to the best of his ability. The man looked at it critically, and stated that it grieved him to state that of waistcoats he had an overstock. Had it been a pair of breeches now, or a coat—ah, that would be a very different matter. Waistcoats, you see, are luxuries. Even a shirt is more of a necessity. Breeches, coats, and shoes are out-and-out necessities; a shirt is a desirable adjunct—a midway stage between necessity and superfluity. But a waistcoat is right-down luxury, and the second-hand shopman did not, as a rule, deal in luxuries. However, he offered first sixpence, then—although it was all he could possibly hope to get for it himself—ninepence, and, in a burst of generosity, one shilling. Howard journeyed to the next shop and to the next, but met with the same hard luck everywhere. The shopman thought he was trying for a night's lodging and something to go on with next day, and, taking into consideration the late hour, they believed themselves entitled to drive a clean bargain. As a last resort, poor Jack Howard walked into the baker's shop, the shop he and his friend Darrell, had patronized in their frugal way for three months or more. But the man shook his head.

"I do not lend money on clothes," he said, waving the bundle aside, and as Howard was about to depart he added, "But I do on faces—sometimes," and, going to the till, he flicked a half-crown jingling and quivering along the counter. Howard placed it on his thumb-nail, rang it high into the air, and said, as he whipped it into his pocket, "Hang it all, bayer, you're the right sort! When I'm Lord Mayor you'll make the cake—at your own price."

Next morning he caught the earliest train for Windsor.

The first step which Howard took towards the discovery of his friend was to make his way to the Long Walk. This famed walk, swinging between the great stone castle and the bronze memory of a doughty king, this walk Richard Darrell had said he particularly wanted to see, and that he would take it on his way to Virginia Water. Howard discovered a party of roadmakers at work on the Walk, and these he approached. They had been engaged at the job for three days now, so they informed Howard, and could not remember to have seen such a pedestrian as Howard described. Certainly no such person had passed the previous evening, nor this morning. They had a week's work before them. Jack Howard told them the story of Darrell. All men are interested in a poor man finding fortune, and the workmen readily enough promised to keep a close watch for Dick and send him back to a certain publichouse in Windsor which Jack named. This satisfactorily arranged, Howard hastened back to the royal borough, enquiring of everyone likely to be of assistance to him in his search. He dropped into the police station and made his statement to the inspector, and, in fact, scattered the hue and cry far and wide. All day he wandered about, keeping a sharp look-out along the river, and in the evening again visited the workmen on the Long Walk. No news. His heart sank. "Hope deferred."

That night he made his bed in a common lodging-house, and next morning, after leaving two shillings with the police in case Dick Darrell turned up, he set out down the river to meet his friend. On the way he stopped pedestrians, poured his story into the ears of every boatman along the bank, and scattered the news broadcast.

"Hang it all, if Dick's above ground he must hear that I am on his trail," he said.

It was at Staines that Howard picked up his first clue. Darrell had arrived there the second day from London, having made better time than he expected to do when he set out from Clare Market. Howard discovered a boatman by the side of whom Dick had sat on the bank chatting, and the boatman still sat on the spot,

Darrell had given the waterman his name, and said that he had set out with the intention of tramping to Dorset—"A tidy step," the old waterman interjected—but that the nearer he drew to Dorset, the more he disliked the job; and, moreover, he said that he wished he had tramped down to the docks and shipped for America, or somewhere. This was Dick all over. After quitting the waterman, Howard heard plenty of his friend, and even discovered where he had slept for one night; but as to his subsequent movements, not a whiff could Howard ascertain. No one had seen Dick leave Staines. Howard spent the day in fruitless search. Next morning he tramped back to Windsor, hoping to pick up news; but as nothing came of it, he lifted the two shillings he had left with the police and soon found himself in his rooms in Clare Market. He wrote two letters, the first to the editor of *The Ishmaelite*, in which he said that Richard Darrell hoped to be able to do himself the honor of calling in a day or two, and to this letter he signed his friend's name. The second letter was to Rev. Mr. Goodall, at Sherborne, asking him to request Richard Darrell to communicate at once with him (Howard). The second day brought a note from the clergyman. It read: "I received word yesterday from Mr. Darrell. He informs me that he has decided not to return to Sherborne. I gather from the letter that he intends leaving the country. He gave me no address, but the letter was posted at Staines."

Jack Howard whistled. "Hang me, if this isn't a pretty mess!" he said.

#### VI.

Other people's troubles are more worrying than one's own. A man can gamble with his own money, but never with another's. Of course this only applies to a conscientious man, and Jack Howard was conscientious. The receipt of the Rev. Mr. Goodall's letter placed him in what he looked upon as a fix. As a bargainer and a business man he had absolutely no confidence in himself, but he realized that in this matter he must take the responsibility on his shoulders for his friend. It would never do to slight such a great man as the editor of *The Ishmaelite*, sixpenny weekly. Equally would it never do to inform the editor of the true state of affairs, that the author of *And Lost His Good Name*—a title, by the way, which Jack Howard held to be clumsy and senseless, but which Darrell persisted in retaining with the obstinacy of a new writer—it would never do to tell the editor that Darrell was somewhere a pauper tramp; where that somewhere might be, heaven only knew. If honest Jack had given the matter a

place of his friend. This last he set his mind to do.

That night he sat late reading by the smoky light of his kerosene lamp. Darrell in his pride had had the serial typewritten, and a carbon copy lay among the manuscripts in the corner. This Howard read carefully, line by line, pausing at the end of each chapter to review the whole story, to trace the course of the tale from its start as a tiny stream, remembering in their proper sequence the incidents, the tributary rivulets which added their volume of interest to the main stream, broadening it as it flowed on its way. Half of the story he finished that night, and next forenoon he finished the whole. In the afternoon he brushed himself with infinite care—he was one of those young men who keep their clothes scrupulously brushed, so that old or new, they are always respectable—he donned his whitest collar, reversed his cuffs—a Dutch wash—brought out a special necktie kept for epoch-making occasions, put on his one pair of gloves, and set out to see Mr. Lampton, editor of *The Ishmaelite*.

Editors, like Royalty, are human. Humans are animals, and animal existence is a search for comfort. There is an impression to the contrary abroad, but nevertheless it is true that a table d'hôte in the West End is more agreeable to an editor than a crust of bread and cheese in a Fleet street publichouse. Whether or no this is due to the Board School is a question. Every new drift in literature, each upstart bubble and tiny whirlpool on the bosom of the sullen stream; the weekly penny-unworths of chewed cabbage piled high on the bookstalls, the senseless sensual sketch-sheets with pictures so tame and so same, and a host of other periodical parasites are laid at the door of the Board School; and it may be that the base supererogation of luxury over penury noticeable in the modern editorial room is another of the fell results of widespread book-learning. Editors do not now frequent a dark garret, reached by three flights of dark stairs off a dark court. Jack Howard made this discovery in looking for the editorial rooms of *The Ishmaelite*. He found a modern building of red brick and balconies, windows plate-glass and steps of granite, and on the door cheek—other signs of a miscellaneous nature keeping it company, it is true—a gold-lettered announcement that the editorial rooms of *The Ishmaelite* were to be found on the second floor. Entering the building, Howard came upon more gold, this time in the shape of braid and buttons on the uniform of a smart boy, who, learning Jack's business, invited him to step into a mirrored, electric-lighted lift, and in this dazzling chariot they



Howard discovered a boatman by the side of whom Dick had sat.

thought, he might have seen that this statement would have appealed to such a good Ishmaelite as the editor. The editor might have advertised the fact that the author of the story was somewhere wandering in poverty; and he might, moreover, have offered a substantial reward for the discovery of Darrell, and in this way got his publication talked about. Many a worse advertising scheme has been successfully worked on the British public, and someone should try this. But Howard did not realize the many-sided virtues of such a romantic advertisement. All he saw in the situation was a demand for his friend, the absence of his friend, and the necessity of filling the

two mounted heavenward—and editor-ward. Before one of those exquisitely finished machines born of Yankee ingenuity—the desk which snaps its corrugated upper jaw and gobbles everything belonging to its owner in one comprehensive gulp, and holds thus everything secure for its master—before one of these desks sat Mr. James Lampton, editor of *The Ishmaelite*. Princes and poets are born, but an editor is made.

"I have called in regard to this," Howard said, introducing himself by handing the editorial note to the editor who had written it. "Oh, yes, to be sure. Sit down, Mr. Darrell. I am pleased to make your acquaintance. I

All we ask is a trial for

.... DELICIOUS

## "Salada"

An unscrupulous grocer may advise you to take other teas, as they show him a larger profit, but you owe it to yourself to try "SALADA" Ceylon Tea ONCE.

SOLD ONLY IN LEAD PACKETS

BLACK OR MIXED

ALL GROCERS

must congratulate you on your tale. A capital story I call it."

"I am pleased to hear so competent an authority say so," Howard answered, and continued, "but my name is not Darrell. My name is Howard. Darrell is a friend of mine."

"Oh, indeed."

"Yes, a friend. And he asked me to take this business in hand," continued Jack nervously. "Fact is, I know all about the story, know it as thoroughly as the author himself, and I am at your service."

Mr. James Lampton, the editor of *The Ishmaelite*, was no fool. He said nothing, but he followed two thoughts to their logical lair. He knew human nature, and this knowledge told him that the young man before him was lying. First and foremost, the editor knew that every author is an egotist. He must be. With his goosequill pen and the white surface of bleached rags the author sets out to compete with his Creator. He forms characters, he creates men and women whom God never created. He sets himself up, as a matter of fact, to supply the shortcomings of the Almighty. Is it likely, reasoned the editor—and all must agree that he reasoned aright—does it stand to reason that an author, any author, and more especially a budding author, would for one moment entrust even his dearest friend with the fate, the wording of a single scene, a single sentence of a story, short or long, comic, dramatic, good, bad, or indifferent? No! Decidedly no. To this rule there is no exception. Editors do change and cut and pull about, but they do it by force, not by favor.

This the editor of *The Ishmaelite* knew, and it annihilated any thoughts of belief in Howard's theory. Furthermore, he knew that author-flesh is a network of the most sensitive nerves, and through fear of torture at the hands of the critic barbarian the young author creates a pseudonym, a *nom de guerre*, a bogus body to carry before his mass of nerves, and to receive the javelins that the critics fling. Putting two and two together and making a hundred, as people will do, Mr. Lampton at once jumped to the conclusion that Darrell and Howard were one and the same person. So the editor of *The Ishmaelite* looked knowingly, and said: "Your friend Mr. Darrell is fortunate in having a friend whom he can trust with so delicate a matter. I wish I had one such. I should have acknowledged the receipt of the story and my acceptance of it, but your letter—your friend's letter—asked me to read the tale, and, if possible, accept it at my own terms and time; and, Mr. Darrell—Mr. Howard, I beg your pardon—editors are always delighted to escape from putting pen to paper. After reading it, I sent your story to Miss Treveland to illustrate. She, you know, is one of the very best black-and-white artists we have, and I am sure she will do the tale justice. She has written me to say that, if she could have a chat with the author of the story, she believes the result would be that her drawings might be made more acceptable to the author; that from you she might catch your idea, a truer idea of the various characters. Miss Treveland is a very thorough young lady, and I think you would like to make her acquaintance."

"I shall be delighted, I am sure," Howard agreed.

"She says she will be pleased to see you at her studio in Edford park. If that is not convenient to you, you might meet her in this office."

"Oh, I will willingly go to the studio. It would be altogether too bad to have her put to the trouble of bringing her sketches and self down here."

"Very well. You will find Madge Treveland an eminently practical young woman, given to saying outright what she thinks, so have no hesitation in letting her know exactly what you think. Illustrations are a story's better half, and, like other better halves, they are pushing themselves more and more to the front. Pretty soon authors will be furnished with illustrations to write up to, as illustrators are now furnished with stories to draw up to." The editor laughed, and Jack Howard, diplomatist, did likewise.

As Howard was leaving, Mr. Lampton stopped him.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Darrell—Mr. Howard—I will make you out a cheque for the story on the day the first instalment appears. I have taken you at your word, and will pay my own price, you know. In which name shall I make out the cheque—to Darrell or to Howard?"

Jack Howard thought for a moment before replying.

"Make it out to Howard, if you please."

The editor smiled. "I will," he said, and shook hands with his new acquaintance.

The devil walked home with Jack Howard. He carried his spiked tail over one arm, and the other arm was hooked into Howard's. They crossed the Strand, and walked up Newcastle street together, they ascended the stairs together, they sat together most of the night disputing. The devil had the better of the argument. He has such a wide experience, you see; he has the wisdom of age and the enthusiasm of youth—an enthusiasm such as only those who are natives of a tropical climate possess. He fairly out-reasoned Jack Howard point by point. He was plausible and plaintive, sarcastic, canonical, and brow-beating in turns; and when he stepped downstairs his finger was to the side of his nose and a broad grin on his lips. He disappeared in a puff of flame when he caught sight of the Griffin.

The devil never enters the City of London. He has no occasion to.

(To be continued.)

#### Postal Item.

"Your life must be very monotonous," said Pete Amsterdam, as he looked through the delivery window of the Harlem branch of the post office, and saw Bob Cancel stamping letters with a hand stamp.

"What makes you think so?" asked the clerk, stamping away for dear life.

"I don't know, but if I had to be thumping letters that way, the monotony of it would drive me crazy. It's the same thing over every day."

"O, no, it's not," replied Cancel, pausing in his labors, "there is considerable variety in it. Yesterday I was stamping three on the letters; to-day I'm stamping four, and to-morrow it will be five. It is different every day. Then about every thirty days the month changes. Not long ago I was stamping 1894 on the letters, and now it is 1895. After a while, it will be 1896, so you see my life is not at all monotonous.—*Texas Siftings*.

#### His Honest Opinion.

An Irishman, having been arraigned and convicted upon full and unmistakable evidence of some flagrant misdemeanor, being asked by the judge if he had anything to say for himself, replied with the characteristic humor of his country, "Never a single word, your Honor! And it's my real opinion there's been a great deal too much said as it is."

#### Bound Up Together.

In some way, too mysterious for us to understand, the mind is bound up with the body; woven into it, so to speak, like the pictures in a piece of tapestry. And that is why Mr. Edward Grant felt so low-spirited and miserable he didn't know what to do. His doctor said he had congestion of the liver, and it looks as though the doctors were right. The trouble began away back in December, 1887. Before that Mr. Grant enjoyed as good health as anybody. Then he became suddenly aware that his energy was all ebbing out of him; he felt tired, relaxed, unstrung, and drowsy. Holding out his tongue in front of the glass he noted that it was brown and thickly coated. Food in plenty was on the table at meal times, but he didn't want it. Appetite, that king of success, was lacking. When he did force down something on the principal that one must eat to live, the result wasn't satisfactory. After every effort of that kind he felt a weight and pain in the chest and sides, and while he spoke of as "a kind of lump" between the chest and throat.

He often spat up a fluid bitter as gall and yellow as a guinea. As time went on he had frequent attacks of dizziness. Sometimes they would take him in the street, and he feared he should fall. As he went about his work his head would swim round, and he would have these attacks two or three times a day.

"I felt so low-spirited and miserable," he says, "that I didn't know what to do," which we can easily believe, consulted a doctor, he tells us, "who said I had congestion of the liver, and he gave me a medicine that helped me for a time. I also took liver pills, but felt none the better for it."

"In this state I continued for four years, trying forwards and backwards after some medicine adapted to my case, but without coming upon it. In January of this year (1892) it was that I first heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and began to use it. After I had taken two bottles, the bad symptoms abated, my appetite began to come back, the dizzy spells returned no more, and now I can eat anything and am well as ever. You may make my letter public if you think it would do good, and I will gladly answer enquiries. Yours truly (Signed) EDWARD JAMES GRANT (milk dealer), 43 Vestry road, Camberwell, London, S. E., December 6, 1892."

The trouble began in this way: The stomach being first overloaded and overworked, shirked part of its business and sent a lot of half-digested stuff on to the liver. The latter organ resented this and refused to handle it, for you must remember that all food must first pass through the liver before it can reach any point beyond it. So the liver, having taken a "day off," as we say, stopped gathering bile from the blood to help the bowels. The bile, consequently stayed in the blood and set on foot all the mischief which made our good friend so miserable he didn't know what to do. Luckily for him, and for all of us, Mother Seigel knew what to do, and put her knowledge in the form of the wonderful remedy which has immortalized her name. He heard of it, used it, and was cured of his dyspepsia and his liver complaint at the same time. And inasmuch as most of our unhappiness arises from unhealthiness, Mr. Grant's spirits soon became what every well man's spirits ought to be—light and buoyant. On this result he will please accept our sincere congratulations.

#### Letting Him Down Easy.

He—Why do you persist in thinking we would not be happy together?

She—I have been reading *Unhappy Wives of Men of Genius*. It is your fate.

#### Wabash Railroad Company.

If you are contemplating a trip to California, Mexico or any point South, please consider the merits of the only true Southern route. Every morning at 10:50 a.m. the California special starts on its flight towards the land of the setting sun, passing through St. Louis and over the great Iron Mountain route. Palace sleeping cars to the gateway of Old Mexico, tourist sleepers to Los Angeles and San Francisco without change. No delays from snow blockades. Ticket agents all the way. Ask your nearest ticket agent for tickets and maps of this great railway, or write to J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Clara—While I was playing whist with Mrs. Singleton last evening, she asked me what was the trump at least six times. Maude—Weren't you provoked? Clara—I should say so! As if I knew!



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## Books and Authors.

THOSE who have tried their hands at story-writing or anything of the sort, or are otherwise interested in the art of fiction-making, should read the serial now running on the opposite page, and Lost His Good Name. Angus Evan Abbott (James Barr) is a Canadian, born and raised in Ontario, but now resident in London, where he is a successful editor and literary man. But this is not its claim upon the class of readers to whom allusion is made. The story is so well written, so skillfully planned that it is worthy of being studied as well as read. Its mechanism will repay investigation on the part of those who have a turn for story-writing, and, most important of all, the whole plot treats of a young author's manuscript novel and what befell in connection with its publication and illustration. I believe those who missed the first of it can get back numbers by writing to this office.

In a November issue of *The Week* appeared an article on plagiarism, which I have since seen in various reviews and weeklies throughout America. It may have been original in *The Week* or it may not, but it has not been credited to that paper. I recall, if not the same, at least a very similar article that went floating about among the learned newspapers ten years ago. The evidence quoted, of plagiarism in high places, was much the same ten years ago as now. Robert Louis Stevenson's confession of what he owes to Washington Irving may not have been in the article of 1885, but Goethe's admission that he took an idea wherever he found it and, polishing it up, made it his, was certainly in the old as in the new edition of this learned article, which shows such a smart acquaintance with ancient and modern writers. Even Shakespeare, we are told, was a plagiarist. Emerson's essay on plagiarism is quoted approvingly and described as being itself one of the finest specimens of plagiarism in the language. No man ever was original apparently, for even Homer is accused of being merely the inscriber of the traditional songs of his country. There can be no greater literary impertinence than that of the man who, finding similar ideas expressed by different authors, proceeds to accuse one of plagiarism. Why should not two men given to the study of human nature, by independent and original observation, become aware of a truth and each express it so well that the expressions will have a resemblance to each other? This may happen, though the men may be unconscious of each other's existence, one living in an obscure part of Germany, the other in an obscure part of England, with not a printed book that they read in common. Who will deny this? Yet the critic of mechanical mind, who can enter upon no train of thought without a printed suggestion, who cannot originate the idea of going to his dinner unless he reads of a banquet in book or paper, this critic at once suggests plagiarism. To a man of talent it is easier to originate than to grub through other people's writings and adapt that which he finds suitable. To grub, to search, to analyze and compare seems natural enough to certain variety of intellect; a well ordered variety but not a high type. To suppose, for a instance, that Shakespeare could plagiarize any further than to adopt in common with his predecessors certain events in history and certain phases of human nature for the themes of his dramas, is absurd. He did not need to go to books, for he had a mind richer than all literature. Nothing but sheer love of disagreeable labor could prompt him to plagiarize. And, despite the evidence, I do not believe that Milton and Dante plagiarized the idea of their great works. Hell was very much in men's minds in their times, and it fascinated their great intellects as it would not do to-day. Their genius was directed naturally to the themes they chose. Coming to our own day, what man can pretend to read all the books that fill the libraries, either to plagiarize or to avoid plagiarism? All men are now more or less educated and more or less trained in thinking. What is to prevent a man, wholly from within himself, producing an essay on a social subject in which he shall concur with Addison? Human nature may take on a local complexion, but it remains really unchanged through all the ages, so, supplied with the same premises, why should not various men arrive at similar conclusions and express them similarly, without being in any sense of the word plagiarists?

The New Womanhood is the name of a book by James C. Fernald (Funk & Wagnalls, Toronto), which is a valuable contribution to the question of the hour. It is not a controversial volume, for the author accepts all the ready-made conditions and facts and gives us A Solution of the Woman Question. Here is his keynote: "The attempt to abolish the ideal home and keep the ideal woman is a predestined failure." It is a very interesting book. The introduction is written by Marion Harland.

With floods of prose and poetry, we can no longer doubt it. But oh! this statement, W. B. We're better off without it. 'Tis mighty hard in days like these To get one's bread and butter, And now each fatuous youth who sees Your paragraph will mutter, "Great Scott! Do hundreds make they 't'hen?" And scores earn more than double? With harvest rich as this, I vow 'Twill pay to glean the stubble."

And so though every swan's a goose At which the author's quitted, He'll let his weak ambition loose And want his poems printed. You think to find 'mid such as these, A Shakespeare or a Milton, But, man! you must remember, please, We eat a pile of common cheese, Before we strike a Milton.

The world of letters true, is vast, But words like yours will straightway Send crowds of graceless scribblers fast To block the narrow gateway. 'Tis well enough to hand our cash To Kiplings, Barries, Crookes, But heavens! what tons there'll be of trash Appealing to our pockets.

Of twenty manuscripts 't'is now Not more than one's accepted, But thanks to you, Beasly, I know The pile of those rejected Will mount at a portentous rate, And that waste paper basket—Which always seems so full of late—Will burst, if more we task it.

We'd rather not, you understand, See Tom, and Dick and Harry Write school-boy essays out, off hand, And to the printer carry. The earnest scribbler, of thoughtful looks, We love to see a-bolling. (You wrote, I fear, on half your backs To keep the pots-a-bolling.)

## Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

Isabel.—Time should not drag slowly where you are. Your writing shows a good deal of enterprise, amiability and adaptability; you are frank, trustful and not much of an optimist; I think you are perhaps too easily discouraged at times. Your sense of proportion and judgment are good, and you are not easily induced to change your opinions. You have nice taste and love pretty and harmonious things about you.

GARY EYES.—If by "people in offices" you mean me, I can assure you that my office is cool in summer and cozy in winter. It is not very trying, not nearly so much so as worrying how to kill time. That would be in killing me, I think. 2. Your writing shows honor, discretion, candor, self-assertion, a little idealism, an undeveloped will and a good regard for number one.

DANN THOT.—How time flies! Please don't be angry. Yours is a very clever and promising study, and I am much taken with it. It shows excellent discretion, honesty, self-respect and a desire for approbation, care and deliberation in thought and action, with a bright mind, constant will and sense of honor. There are some fine, grand, free thoughts in it and noble and generous motives. If ever you do a mean thing it will be a double sin for you.

SAMANTHA ALLEN.—You and Lillian sent only one coupon and two studies. As you directed the envelope I give you the preference. 2. Your writing shows rather a transition stage of development, some idealism, a very sweet and hopeful nature, love of social pleasures, an honest and not at all sentimental mind, a wife of self-interest, some love of beauty and desire for harmony, a careful and conscientious method. You are either very young or have lacked contact with the world which would develop snap in you. I must ask Lillian for another study and a coupon.

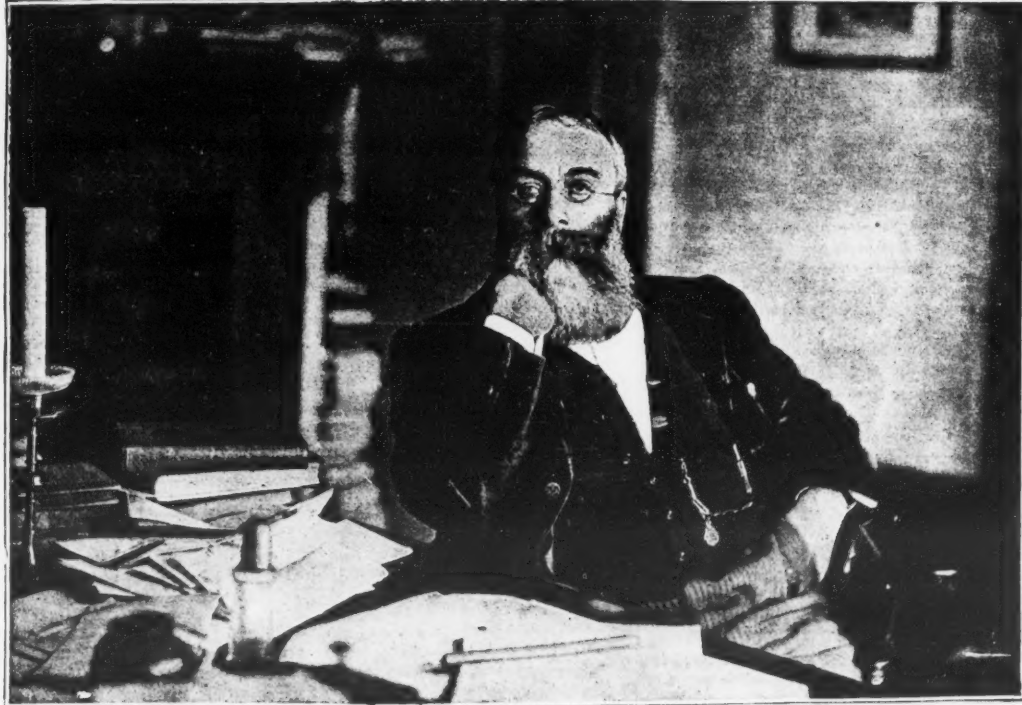
BROWN EYES.—I certainly don't think The Heavenly Twins would harm you, even if you waded through its dreary length. Girls, however, are not strong enough to resist any bad influence, as you think they should be, (we are all poor creatures sometimes) and they should sometimes be content to accept without experience. There are experiences, dear maid, that cost too much. I read books sometimes which I should burn if I had a little sister about. Girls should be shielded. They get blue soon enough, and once blue, they are spoiled in a subtle way. Your writing would not afford a satisfactory study. Wait a little.

NELSON MAUDS.—I am sure I hope you obtained your certificate. I feel myself quite wanting to know. 2. Usually it depends on the study. Some writing is like its writer, so open and easy to read that its main traits stare you in the face; others are complex and puzzling, some shifty and unsatisfactory. 3. You have a good deal of snap and some ability and are decidedly optimistic. I fancy you know how to make the best of things. A certain go and dash shows you are not easily discouraged or daunted. You have good reasoning power and are fond of talking. I fancy you might sometimes be impatient and I am glad to assure you that selfishness isn't a leading characteristic.

McGINTY AT THE EDITOR OF THE SEA.—I. Certainly you are Irish; all the McGintys are that, you know! 2. Your study shows marked humor, a good deal of determination, firm, decided will, plenty of energy, a trifle of selfishness, tenacity, good nature, and rather wonderful discretion. I don't think you are at all a poor correspondent. However, if you really wish to improve your diction, just think of

St. Catharines, Ont. M. BURRELL.

In connection with the prize story competition in which SATURDAY NIGHT offers four prizes of \$50, \$40, \$30 and \$20 for the four best stories of from 2,500 to 4,000 words sent in during the present month of January, the editor informs me that a considerable interest has been stirred up. The number of manuscripts already received is not large, but a great many letters and cards of enquiry have been sent in, and there will be quite a rush in the last few days of the month. Nothing is to be gained



WALTER BESANT IN HIS STUDY.

by holding back, and those who have stories ready should mail them at once. It is a theory with some people that every human being could write one great story, short or long, if he or she would put pen to paper. I have my doubts, but still I do believe that often the person with the gravest misgivings and the least self-confidence, the one who would hang back from submitting anything to an editor for personal, is really the one in a hundred capable of producing something of merit. If, therefore, you doubt yourself, accept it as a good sign and venture to send in your story. I am further informed by the editor that on each former occasion when he offered prizes for short stories, the competition unearthed at least one beginner who has since achieved success as a writer.

Mrs. Marie Elise Lauder of this city has received two letters from the well known and venerable Neal Dow of Portland, Me., in reference to her recent book, At Last. The first, dated December 22, was written in acknowledgment of an author's copy sent him, with a promise to read. The second I here reproduce: "My DEAR MADAM,—I have been reading your book to-day with great interest. I've stopped now for a time, as my eyes warn me to do so. Will you please send a copy to Brooklyn, New York? She'll like it very much. All her family are warmly devoted to the temperance cause. With many thanks, "Very truly yours, "NEAL DOW."

Clara—Don't you like a drooping mustache? Mabel—Yes; if it droops my way.

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DELIC.—I hasten to furnish you with a recipe for salted almonds, and hope you will make them very nice. No, Dulce dear, even should you send Lady Gay an invitation to your evening, I don't think she could accept it; in fact, she wishes you not to send it. It is not the way to make her acquaintance; her address is no secret, nor her identity, and it will be better for you to follow the conventionalities. I can quite assure you that she is no Gorgon, as you seem to fear. Now for the salted almonds. Blanch the nuts in hot water, rub off the brown skins, and trickle over the kernels a little olive oil, a tablespoonful to a cup of kernels. Let them stand for an hour, then sprinkle salt

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## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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## The Drama.



AX O'RELL had a splendid audience at Massey Music Hall last Friday evening, there being probably three thousand or more of the most intelligent citizens present. They were for the most part people drawn thither by a love of humor, and he found them very quick of perception and ready with applause. The leading vein in his lecture was the difference, which he so well illustrated, between Her Royal Highness, Woman, in France, England and the United States. The wife in England is beneath her husband's control; the wife in France is her husband's equal; the wife in America is her husband's superior and law-giver. In England, when a girl marries, she loses her freedom; in France she gains her freedom; in America (with a shrug) she retains her freedom. The Anglo-Saxon wife seldom knows anything about her husband's business; the French wife, if her husband is a merchant, sits in the cash room and acts as cashier. If left a widow she does not rely upon her sons to grow up and support her; she continues the business and remains head of the family. The French peasantry constitute the wealth of the country. Seventy per cent. of the land is owned by those who till it. The peasant woman knows nothing of stocks and bonds, but will save and scrape all her life to buy an acre of ground. She does not hold with some who say that money is round and should be kept rolling; she says it is flat and should be piled up, piece on piece. When a peasant girl, who has gone to town to enter service, draws her first month's pay she steps down to a savings bank and deposits it there. When the English girl, similarly placed, draws her first month's pay, she goes out and buys a new bonnet and has her photograph taken in it. The joke about shooting one's mother-in-law really should not have been sprung on us. It is very familiar here, but it was exceedingly well told. In the whole course of the evening he never said a word adversely criticizing any thing or person of or belonging to France. Whether he spoke of married women, maidens, peasants, servants, it was to point a moral for our benefit and never to disparage. It is natural enough, but a man of large and true vision is not wholly fascinated by the way his own compatriots do things. One of the finest passages in his lecture referred to Jacqueline, and it is evidence of his excellent memory and platform calm that this excellent passage, with all its seeming pathos and emotion, was taken word for word from his book, *English Pariahs and French Crocodiles*, being chapter IV. entire. Not a word was added, not a word forgotten. This is not said in disparage, only one would have thought that the eloquent apostrophe to Jacqueline came from Chapter IV. of the book referred to, and further I cannot trace it. In being able to do this he proves himself a great actor; in choosing to do it he exposes himself to the suspicion that he has ceased observing and thinking. As he spoke eloquently, page after page, about his beloved compatriots, it sounded to us like an unmeaning jest. Our country has faults but we had thought that Angel-land could not be reached by boat. To find that its other name is France is perplexing in view of what we have seen and read.

Over the great body of the hall there shot a sudden chill. People withdrew into themselves and it consumed twenty minutes of the speaker's best effort to restore the good feeling that had existed before he placed himself at an acute angle with his hearers. The mistake he made was in delivering a ready-made lecture and applying it locally without first ascertaining how it applied. His alleged alertness of observation should have come into play and saved him. He should be aware that institutions similar in classification may, in different communities, be entirely different in nature. There are society papers and society papers, and in some places Max has evidently been fully endorsed in what he says. His demeanor, as he spoke, was full of anticipation and he has probably said his say all around the world, even to his threatened pulling of an imaginary editor's imaginary nose. Proposing to pull an editor's nose under purely supposititious and impossible circumstances in a pastime, by the way, quite as innocent and Parisian as duelling with cotton bullets.

On enquiry he might have learned that SATURDAY NIGHT, while viewed askance at first, has won the confidence of the community by observing all the conventionalities of society and respectable life. It has brought into local journalism some conscience and delicacy of feeling, and these unwonted elements have been welcomed, so that the paper has become an institution of society itself. The charming Max may have got an inkling of the truth when he failed to arouse enthusiasm on the point and when he found himself addressing three hundred people instead of three thousand Sunday afternoon. But it has always been his way to care little where he strikes so that he makes a pretty thrust. He is not a tutor, but a comedian. The matter is secondary to the method. And in method he is inimitable. He has all the arts of Coquelin and a splendid memory for the epigrams of Balzac and the witticisms of Anon. Whatever he picks up he makes brilliant almost past recognition, reminding one, as has been said, of those cook compatriots of his who can compass such marvels with second-hand dishes.

Ingersoll and the Bible, or, The Beauties of the Hebrew Scriptures, was the announced subject for David Christie Murray's lecture Monday evening. It had been set forth that Mr. Murray had been moved to take up the cudgels by a characteristic attack of Ingersoll's upon the Scriptures in a recent issue of a New York paper. Being asked to contribute to the success of Mr. Murray's commendable undertaking, and having been greatly impressed by that gentleman's oratory when here a month ago, I conscientiously declared that there was in my opinion no man more fit to grapple with the chief agnostic of America and give him the hiding he deserves. I did not know, nor was the public made aware, that David Christie Murray was as pronounced a free-thinker as Robert Ingersoll. A large audience was, therefore, by false pretenses collected in Association Hall and regaled with a mixture of eloquent agnosticism and ridicule of Ingersoll for denying the literary merits of the Old Testament. A free-thinker may lecture if he choose, but he cannot without blame cause or permit himself to be heralded as the champion of orthodoxy. The press was allowed to so misrepresent him. He did not say that he disbelieved in the New Testament and the Atonement, but when he declared his unbelief in the Old Testament and confessed his attitude was one of "I don't know," we can infer that to him the New Testament is merely interesting fiction. Viewed as a reply to Ingersoll his lecture was superfluous. We do not need his assurance that portions of the Old Testament are unequalled in literature. We asked for bread and he gave us a stone. We do not need to hear him read from Ruth, from Solomon, from Job and Ezekiel to defend the literary merits of the Scriptures. His lecture had nothing in it warranting its delivery, save its arguments that the Scriptures were purely human, that the God of the Old Testament was a parochial God, an aggrandized Jew man, conceived in the Jewish mind for the good of the Jews alone. Professing some soul-courage in tackling his subject, Mr. Murray should have seen to it that his managers displayed some pocket courage in properly announcing the nature of the lecture. He is a natural orator and in Peace and War he is heard at his best, but on delicate ground on Monday evening he seemed so constantly oppressed by a fear that he should say all he meant, that he seldom rose to oratory. When it was all said and done and he had fired his bolts, how did he conclude? He appealed to believing people for pity towards such as he, who cannot believe. He said that if he was wrong the loss would be his, while if believers were wrong the eternal disappointment would fall upon unconscious spirits, upon eyes that were closed forever, upon intellects that had ceased to act, and senses incapable of impression. So he asked for the sympathy and the pity of believing people. If, then, his plight be pitiable, why should he go about seeking to reduce others to his pitiful condition? So that they, too, may bespeak the pity of those whose faith he has not overthrown. Why should he in one breath express a hope that he has sown some seed, and in the next ask the pity of those who have rejected his seed? He does not cut a very engaging figure. What I never can understand is, why these men who have cut adrift and can find comfort nowhere, should run amuck in every harbor of safety, severing cables and causing every craft they can come in contact with to stagger about in the storm as helpless as themselves. The true man, lover of his kind, will only expose his unbelief in hope of conviction, and if he have no hope he will go down to the grave in silence, leaving undisturbed the most sublime, magnificent delusion (he thinks it a delusion) that could ever be conceived by the genius of man.

Taking a season through, little fault can be found with the character of the plays which Manager Small presents to the patrons of the Toronto Opera House. Prices being lower than those charged at the Grand, it can hardly be expected that a succession of high-class performances can be witnessed at the Toronto Opera House. During the present season

there has been ample room, with some few exceptions, for considerable improvement in the class of plays presented at each of the city theaters, but this may be due to the fact that this is undoubtedly one of the worst theatrical seasons on record, and that many companies which in other years have gone on tour have not been formed this season, or if they have, have become so discouraged with the result of business on tour that they have either disbanded or returned to the larger cities of the States. Across the line business until very recently has been worse than it has ever been known to be before, and a short time since I learned of no less than five companies having cancelled their dates in a city not removed many miles from New York. From a play-going point of view, however, Toronto cannot be said to have been very much affected by the hard times; however much they may grumble about the scarcity of money, people generally manage to find sufficient to give a tolerably fair patronage to the places of entertainment, and that the theaters would have still larger houses if a better class of plays were advertised I have no doubt. To prove this it is only necessary to point to the splendid business done during the present week at the Toronto Opera House, where Faust has been the attraction, and that, too, notwithstanding that only a fortnight ago Lewis Morrison played it for a week at the Grand. Possibly additional interest was lent to the performance at the "Toronto" this week because the star happens to be a young Canadian actor, and that he presented Irving's version of Goethe's great play. Be that as it may, it is safe to say that Mr. John Griffith has succeeded in making a decided hit in the character of Mephisto, to say nothing of the fact that the whole play itself has never been presented to a Toronto audience in better fashion. In every little detail the staging of Faust has received the greatest possible care and attention, and whilst it lacks none of the scenic and mechanical effects which have done much to make Morrison's Faust acceptable to the Toronto public, it surpasses that artist's production in several respects. The scenery itself can not be spoken too highly of, and the great Witches' Carnival on the Broken can be regarded as so thoroughly realistic of what it is supposed to represent that one is not sorry when the scene changes. And then Mr. Griffith's version of Faust has another advantage. Without injury to the play the dungeon scene is considerably curtailed, an arrangement by which the performance is concluded at a reasonable hour. Mr. Griffith's impersonation of Mephisto is a decidedly powerful one, and whilst his conception of the character is somewhat different from that which we have been accustomed to see, it is nevertheless a most intelligent portrayal. Some even prefer it to that of Morrison. He is well supported, finding in Mr. George D. Baker an admirable Faust, and in Miss Beatrice Dauncourt a clever Marguerite, whose performance was slightly marred, however, by a cold. We may expect after the success of his first visit to know more of Mr. Griffith in the future.

It may safely be said that Felix Morris as a star will henceforth be one of Toronto's favorites. As the Chevalier in A Game of Cards he has long been a favorite, making one of the best old men on the American stage. It is a work of art. As the old musician he is perhaps not a whit less admirable. Behind the scenes is a three-act farcical comedy, an adaptation by Mr. Morris himself of the French play La Debutante. It represents an old man's heroic struggle to make his daughter a great actress, an end which he finally attains. They have starved and worked with this aim in view, the father becoming a ludicrous figure through the dominance his one idea has gained over his every impulse, for in his perception there is no longer any sense of proportion, all matters of life being trifling alongside the one pursuit of making his daughter a great actress. The difficulty in getting a chance for her to make a public appearance in an important role brings about some striking situations. We are shown rehearsals on the stage and the leading lady gets into a tantrum and throws up her part on the afternoon preceding the first presentation of a new play. Rose Dufard has managed to acquire the lines through assisting the star in getting up the part, and the old man prevails upon the manager to try his daughter in rehearsal. He decides to bring her on that evening. But just before the curtain goes up, in comes the leading lady ready to act. The manager is really relieved. Rose is in the depths of despair, but the old man is not beaten yet. Rose's name is on the programme; the manager says he will announce the change before the curtain rises. The old fellow rings the curtain-bell and up goes the drop; the cue is given and Rose goes on. It is a speedy and wonderful triumph and Rose is engaged at \$30 a week. A lesson is read by this play to critics and to the public. We are reminded that there is a life often of pathos and grief behind the scenes, and the man who has not been niggardly in applauding what has pleased him feels that he has done the right thing. Others are impelled to do better in future.

Fate seemed to be decidedly against the Camera Club's entertainment in the Massey Music Hall, on Thursday evening of last week. With such frightful weather and the counter attraction of a huge fire, the wonder is that the audience should have mustered as strongly as it did. The hall was evidently too large for the lecturer's voice, there being some difficulty in hearing at the back. The views were clear enough, however, and those who could hear perfectly enjoyed the realistic description of the Japanese scenery and phases of native life that were projected on the screen. The views were from photographs taken by Mr. Otis A. Poole himself, and beautifully colored by Japanese artists. We were shown the different stages in the cultivation of rice and tea plants and introduced to the social and business life of Yokohama. The lecture was rich in humorous allusion and anecdote.

That popular and entertaining amusement caterer, J. Wesley Rosenquest, who is manager of the Bijou and 14th Street Theaters, New York, and also that renowned success, Blue

Jenna, has this season assumed the management of that at all times welcome and exceedingly clever comedian, Barney Ferguson, who for several seasons past has everywhere delighted large audiences with his most comical work in that funny play, McCarthy's Mishaps, but who this season will present, under Mr. Rosenquest's management, a new comedy entitled Duffy's Blunders, in which he will if possible have even more chance to display his extraordinary talents than he has hitherto had. Duffy's Blunders is called a vaudeville farce. It is said to be a composite comedy built-with but one design, and that is to make the auditor laugh heartily, and to judge from the reports of its powers in that direction it must indeed be a mirth-provoker par excellence. The inimitable Barney Ferguson is leader in the festivities, supported of course by petite and clever Miss Marguerite Ferguson and other clever and well known artists. New music, new songs, new dances, new funny lines and situations, in fact everything new, with the exception of the old-time favorite in the company, are the just claims for public favor advanced by Manager Rosenquest and his star, Barney Ferguson. Duffy's Blunders, with its wealth of talent and splendid accessories, will be seen at the Toronto Opera House all next week, with the usual matinees on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Rehearsals are under way for the production of A. W. Pinero's play The Magistrate, February 15 and 16, in the Academy of Music, by the Trinity Dramatic Club, under the management of Mr. Martin Cleworth. Betsey was such a huge success last year that it has inspired Trinity men to greater efforts.

A report of the lecture by Rev. Russell H. Conwell in the Pavilion (Kleiser's Star Course) will be given in next issue—a few of his wise pointers on how to succeed in life.

Augustin Daly's A Gaiety Girl will run all next week at the Grand. The company is said to be direct from Daly's Theater, London, Eng., and a treat should result.

Frohman's The New Boy has been amusing the Grand's patrons during the latter half of the week.

We publish a portrait of Miss Maud Snarr, who sang so charmingly at the concert given last week in aid of the families of the firemen killed and injured in the recent fire. Miss

Snarr has a rare voice splendidly trained, is extremely popular in professional circles and with the public, and among the young singers of the day none has a more promising future.

He Mistrusted His Sex.

A Durham miner, aged seventy-three, visited a Newcastle lawyer, a bachelor, for the purpose of making his will. The old man's property consisted of two small cottages, which had cost him £150, and a little furniture.

The lawyer having asked his client how he wished to dispose of his property, the latter replied: "Ma auld woman hes to hev all se lang as she's me widow. Efter that ma bairns gets all."

"What age is your old woman?" asked the lawyer.

"Seventy-two," replied the miner.

"And how long have you and your wife been married?" asked the lawyer.

"Over fifty years," replied the miner.

Thereupon the lawyer suggested to his client that he should give the wife the interest during her life whether she continued a widow or otherwise.

"Hiney, as winaot. Aa'll hev maaan way," said the miner.

"But surely," replied the lawyer, "you don't expect your old woman, now seventy-two years old, would marry again after your death?"

The miner, looking the lawyer full in the face, answered with much solemnity, "Wey, hiney, tho'r nae knaaing what young cheps like yourself will de for money."—Pearson's Weekly.

Infantile Emotions.

Prof. Drummond, in his recently published work, The Ascent of Man, gives the following table, which has been compiled from a careful study of the emotional states in a little child:

Fear is perceptibly manifest in a little child three weeks old. When it is seven weeks old the social affections dawn. At twelve weeks emerges jealousy, with its companion, anger. Sympathy appears after five months. Pride, resentment, love of ornament, after eight. Shame, remorse and sense of the ludicrous after fifteen months.

These dates, of course, Prof. Drummond is careful to observe, do not indicate in any mechanical way the birthdays of emotions; they represent rather stages in an infinitely gentle mental ascent, which are nevertheless so marked that we are able to give them names and use them as landmarks in psychogenesis.

Free With the Free Lunch.

Berand—Say, Bartender, you don't have much of a free lunch here, do you?

Bartender—We do for about two seconds after we put it on the counter.—South Boston News.

Heaven.

For Saturday Night.

Heaven's not a place, a land away, away beyond the stars. Escap'd in mystery impenetrable save by death. Heaven is a state of mind, wherein the consciousness of sin has been destroyed forever by Omnipotence. Where all's harmonious, joyful, pure, beyond earth's highest concept.

Where life is indestructible, and truth holds away forever; Where love unchanging moulds each thought; where love is universal; There—in that state of mind alone—is heaven. Buffalo, N. Y.

After Darkness, Light.

For Saturday Night.

A crash I heard and felt the probe and throe Of anguish, pain unspeakable, Then slowly, a deep darkness 'round me grew.

Such gloom and silence (never felt before) In depths of space I floated, My mortal shell lay broken on Time's shore.

Outstretched hands seemed groping, groping 'round, Seeking, grasping, finding never. In deadly quiet, I could hear no sound.

Then near me seemed a presence shining bright, It said, "Why stay you here? Free on Your goal's not here, but yonder in the light."

"These forms around sought not this light below Where spiritual sight begins, I cannot now on them this gift bestow."

"These dwell in darkness, follow me above, Fear not but trust and follow on; God draws you to Him with the cords of love."

Peace came as when a child feels mother's kiss, And then on and on I pressed, And ever grew the peace, the light, the bliss.

Toronto. J. B. FERGUSON.

St. Paul's Chimes, London.

For Saturday Night.

Oh the merry clang and clamor And the ringing ring and hammer Of the bells,

As their brazen tongues uproariously Peal forth their music glorious. Joyous bells.

Till the echoes shake and quiver Like the reeds along the river. Bells in fall, And their deep sonorous thunder Swells as though to rive asunder Tower and wall.

Now their voices sweet and low, Swinging, swaying to and fro On the breeze, Seem to whisper in my ear Memories of childhood dear, Rest and peace.

As when in boyhood's happy hour I played beneath the old church tower And belfry grim, And through the night would listening lie To the bells' wild lullaby, Weird and dim.

Oh the merry clanging bells, Loud their mellow music swells, Bold and free. May their tripping, silvery jangling And their angry, clamorous wrangling Ne'er be silenced be.

London, Ont. H. C. SCHMIDT.

My Lady's Davenport.

For Saturday Night.

Upon its shelves grim essays stand, but roses are a bloom. (I've graciously leave to write a while in her small morning room.)

Good luck! here's a pen I like, and paper by the quire, And I'm left in gay possession of her davenport entire.

Each dance seems numbered with a flower that lives in pot pourri, Sweet little memories of herself, they seem to float to me, And seated here at her own shrine, where through her girlish gods,

I feel like some old pilgrim as sacred ground he trod. Shakespeare, in reddish raiment clad, frowns down on Kipling's lore, And books of French, and books of Dutch, and books of every shore,

Wait but to give her all that's best of this, of every land, Ah, hapless books! her love is yours, you touch her little hands!

My lady's dainty davenport is like her dainty self, There's a very contradictory mass upon each inside shelf, And its curious little treasures that you come on unawares, As you fumble on exploring tours within the brass-bound drawers.

Behold a little prayer book white, and Willard's photograph, And here I see some odes by me (supposed to make her laugh); Hosts of ball programmes, oh, by George! on skeleton's I've chased. Scap! Scap! of those unhappy men she's dazzled as she danced.

Ah, ha! this waxen interesting, six diaries I see, (Mayhap regarding books she's read, and where she's been to see), Old songs, o'd flowers, old notes galore! account books (looking new), And—pshaw! these look most gruesome like blue steel billet doux.

From someone else. But no, by Jove, these notes! they came from me. Those old, short notes I wrote to her last year across the sea.

Oh, hope divine, arisen at last! My little lady fair, Among those penance grave and gay, can love, sweet love, be lurking there?

The Ideal.

For Saturday Night.

O! where art thou, the good, the true, The source and fount of my delight? The joy, the hope which I pursue, The hope which makes the future bright?

Thy fairy form in dreams I see, In bright, ethereal beauty clad; I leap the years and on with thee I roam in dreams and I am glad.

Or from the sea cliff's dizzy height, Far o'er the mist that circles 'round, Like echo faint in summer night I seem to hear thy bugle sound.

It calls and calls until I rise And wander forth I know not where, With eager step and straining eyes, In search of thee, my beautiful fair.

Ofttimes I seem to see thee stand Upon the airy hills afar, And beckon with thy lily hand, While slowly fades the morning star.

And I am coming, coming, love; I long to reach thee, claim thee mine, And on those sun-dial hills above To share thy happiness divine.

Toronto, January 14, 1895. ALAN ROBERTSON.

Heaven.

For Saturday Night.

Heaven's not a place, a land away, away beyond the stars. Escap'd in mystery impenetrable save by death. Heaven is a state of mind, wherein the consciousness of sin has been destroyed forever by Omnipotence. Where all's harmonious, joyful, pure, beyond earth's highest concept.

Where life is indestructible, and truth holds away forever; Where love unchanging moulds each thought; where love is universal; There—in that state of mind alone—is heaven. Buffalo, N. Y.

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Heaven.



## Between You and Me.

I HAVE always held that the principal lesson and the most useful one taught by the Christian belief in the Atonement was in its substitutionary aspect—If I might coin a word. Now, don't say Lady Gay is going into the pulpit, for if she has one sincere sympathy it is for preachers of the present day, and nothing tempts her less than a chance to sermonize. But, to return, the idea of getting outside oneself and inside the mind and feeling of some other self, or many of 'em, should be encouraged by practice until the people about us would be as sacred as our own sweet self. Charles Reade makes one of his characters, a dear wise old physician, say that Put Yourself in His Place is the whole of Christianity in a nutshell. The most potent argument one can use to a thoughtless and cruel child is to say, "How would you like someone to do that to you?" and the idea of one's feelings should a giant take a fancy to pull off one's legs and arms, makes one less likely to take enjoyment in the pastime of denuding a helpless fly of his numerous limbs. This substitutionary practice would be so useful in society. How would you enjoy having some smarter woman call you a dowdy, or some cheeky man amuse himself by repeating some slip of your tongue? After you have thoroughly entered into the selves of your neighbors you will find them very interesting, their failings not so dark and their virtues quite transcendent. You will be able to be a mother, glowing over her bonnie boys and girls, a sister proud of her handsome brother, a fiancée desirous only of a quiet corner with the best beloved. To the Greeks the conduct of these folk is foolishness, but to you, who have entered into the self of each one, it has a kaleidoscopic interest that you enjoy and understand. You can be a *debutante*, twittering and nervous, or a disappointed girl, sore under the slight of many seasons, or a man, solicitous of the tie of your cravat, or an artist adoring art and impatient of failure, or a musician lovingly handling his instrument and anxious only to wake the voice of the god within it and make the careless world listen and worship.

Of all the arts that woman knows, this art of getting into the selves of other people is the most interesting and powerful. I have heard people lament that they could not get on with other people, that something always seemed to antagonize them. They had forgotten to forget themselves and study those other selves, and they stood on one side of a spirit wall and their comrades on the other, and nothing but going around to the other side could better things. "She is so sympathetic" is the dearest thing we can say of another, and sympathy is not the mother nor the child of selfishness. If you and I were, as we might be, a part of the self of every other one we know, should we accept mutely the mean and spiteful and untrue things even the dearest of us occasionally hear? Not much. We would instinctively champion the absent, into whose life we have entered and whose good and ill are ours. But standing as we do—apart—thy soul from my soul, we are Orpans to our Naomis, and liable to turn back when the road leads over rough or far places for the tongue or for the feet.

Did you ever get back a dead letter? Yesterday the postman taxed me three cents to receive a dilapidated old screed which I sent to an intimate friend last October and which had apparently been through some sort of a civil war in New York State. All the miles it must have been carried by postmen through twelve districts and all the breath they must have wasted over enquiries make me quite weary to contemplate. And now, like Paddy's curse, it has come back to me. You know we Irish folk believe that an ill wish travels in a circle, and that's why we are weary of uttering one. I am going to start that letter off again to New York, when it will have cost me nine cents, about its full value.

I know of a dead letter which I did not laugh at. It was written just before the war, that war to the south of us which broke so many hearts, which left in the first years of it a swath of cut-down lives through the fairest part of the Union. Soldiers from New York's first families went to guard the road to Washington, and from the camp a young subaltern wrote a hurried note to his sweetheart, put it in an envelope and being suddenly called away had no time to address it, but thrust it into his pocket, sealed and blank. There it lay for days, the young subaltern was shot beside a college chum, who took his watch and papers and carried them for many a weary month in his pocket, waiting until he should get a chance to send them back to New York. At that time there was in my limited circle of acquaintances a lovely girl—my idol—who wore always a gown of crape and a long veil, and whose smile was inexpressibly sweet and sad. No one told me anything about her, but we scraped acquaintance and I fell head over ears in love with her. I sometimes went to her home, and one evening as I sat on a low stool beside her and listened to her, that message which always made her grow paler and shrink away was brought, bidding her come to the drawing-room to receive visitors with her mother. There were three visitors, each an invalid soldier, and to each she was presented as "my daughter Frances." The third one started at the name and, presently made an excuse to draw her away to a window, where I jealously followed them. The officer was a big cavalry man from Kentucky, and he began to talk of the riders he knew and their daring. "The prettiest rider I knew at college," he said, watching her steadily, "was a fine young fellow who went out with the Seventh —." My lady felt about for a chair and sat down. "He had written a letter the last day we were in camp, which he had no time to address, and I am carrying it about with me to try and find the owner. Poor Fred, he would like her to get it." My lady stood up and held out her hand, her pale face was pink and her eyes eager. The officer quietly opened his pocketbook and handed her a letter, a ragged, worn-out envelope, from which the note protruded. She snatched it from him and ran from the room. It was her dead letter!

LADY GAY.

## The Canadian Voyageurs at the Pyramids

Telling how a Gathering of Fifty Distinguished Canadian Gentlemen Contemplated one of the Wonders of the World and Taught an Arab Tribe Something of North American Geography.

BY CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

## SECOND PART.

THE sheik, surrounded by the tribe whom he with difficulty restrained, came forward to greet us with most profuse salaams. We courteously acknowledged his evident desire to do us honor by remarking, "How are you, old stocking? Draw it mild, old boy. I was poor once myself, etc.," and tendering him Jack Boyle's sadly depleted bottle. The old Mohammedan smiled knowingly, looked around at his followers and hesitatingly refused.

"Another son of temperance," muttered Michie.

The Bedouins for a few seconds looked at us wonderingly. We were from America, so said the bond, and most of us chewed tobacco, but the American millionaires they had been accustomed to were slightly different. They weren't dressed in motley costumes contributed by every branch of Her Britannic Majesty's service, from the Life Guard to the Army Service corps, and we didn't have a red-covered book in one hand and an opera glass in the other. In the memory of the oldest member there was never any American capitalist that had patched his breeches with canvas or wore his socks outside his trousers. But, then, Americans were eccentric, and they made for us.

Thus began the second battle of the Pyramids. It raged at intervals all day. It was a sort of surprise to us. We had been accustomed to a certain amount of respect along the Nile as part of the British army, but here we were merely tourists. The tactics pursued by this pack of wolves were more than human nature could bear. They had been accustomed to having their importunate and semi-violent attentions bought off by isolated tourists who would keep on paying shilling after shilling for the sake of peace, but we were not built that way; we never paid anything for peace. These beggars have a peculiar courage. Jim Burney had to knock one industrious vendor of old relics down three times before he could make him begin to understand that that American millionaire wasn't out shopping that day, and still the Arab came up for a fourth attempt. Campaign rations and hard work had made us as hard as nails, and we were as fit as fiddles except for a slight swelling around most of our heads, which made a fellow rather prone to anger when two or three Arabs would attempt to haul him off one way and three or four would attempt to take him in an opposite direction, totally regardless of the fact that he was twenty-one years of age and of sound mind. But this was mere skirmishing or affairs of outpost. Each of us succeeded in reducing our individual following to two by rendering the others semi-unconscious (that was the only way) and we started up the Great Pyramid.

"I'll go any man a dollar that I'm up first," said Charlie B., who was up about the sixth tier of steps and had a good start.

"I'll take it, I'll take it," could be heard from a dozen voices, and up the two hundred and three tiers we swarmed in a frantic race. Two Bedouins, each holding an arm, would jump on the tier above and by dint of hauling would assist step by step. Our activity rather surprised the natives, and the jumps of three or four feet didn't seem to bother us as it did other millionaires. But the Arabs had a scheme, a fell scheme, by which they had hitherto invariably succeeded in procuring additional backsheesh. We wondered at first why, as we became separated, that instead of being guided directly up the face of the Pyramid, each bloated capitalist would be taken to landing-places formed by the removal of some of the large slabs of sandstone. We didn't wonder in a minute after our arrival there. The guides did the wondering then. They wanted more backsheesh. Insisted on it. Refused to go on without it. Made dark threats as to hurling their supposed victims down the space of incline, and otherwise made themselves generally objectionable. Even the worm will turn, and so will a Canadian riverman. A volunteer voyageur who couldn't thrash two Egyptian guides properly and completely in four minutes and a half, and bring out a thorough understanding of things in general, was not required on that trip. We did it, and the race was resumed. Poor old Frank Michie! Boyle's bottle had got in its work. He was inclined to stoutness and his guides grasped the situation and let Frank go. They quietly withdrew to a safe distance and proceeded to negotiate. Frank had to yield, but as he puffed up after me I could hear him swearing in nervous but carefully assorted Canadian-Saxon, something about cutting the hearts out of some Mohammedan gentlemen when he got on level ground. Frank didn't win the dollar. He didn't care. Indifferent to his companions, from the dizzy top of the mysterious stone wonder he gazed around with glistering eyes on the historic scene before him. Beside him, amidst a collection of scientific instruments, stood a little, quaint old fellow with blue spectacles. He was a German professor, whose books on Egyptology have a world-wide fame. He loved the Pyramid and everything about them, and he had been pottering around them for months. As the cloistered priest at Canterbury must have looked at the invasion of the sanctuary by Becker's murderers, so looked the German savant. He finally gathered his precious instruments close to his side and gazed fearfully at the actions of the strange beings that had intruded on his investigation. A remark from Michie, that curious communion that exists between enthusiasts of similar tastes, and in a few minutes the Canadian shantyman and the German student were brothers. You couldn't tear them apart.

"Go away, you fellows," Michie said. "I'm going to camp out with the old bird with the goggles all day. He knows things."

The old professor under Frank's protection regained confidence and, gratified by the absorbing interest of his listener, poured into Frank's ears some of the startling historical and mathematical truths concerning the monument on which they stood. Frank eagerly drank them in and only interrupted by exclamations that must have struck his learned informant as novel. When Frank heard that the entrance to the chambers within, which had defied the search of men for centuries, was discovered by astronomical calculations by a Jewish astronomer in Paris who had never even seen the Great Pyramid, Frank's eyes opened wider, and he admiringly said, "Well, may I be d—." I even felt the infection of the old fellow's enthusiasm as he talked of the marvelous knowledge of astronomy, mechanics and hydrostatics possessed by the ancient Egyptians and exemplified in the almost supernatural structure on which we stood. He was theorizing regarding its construction and pointed with his stick to the nature of the enormous stone which crowned the vast pile. Our eyes naturally followed the direction of the cane. The whole of the flat surface was simply covered with names carved in the sandstone by the ubiquitous tourist from every part of the globe. Frank looked closely at the place where the Professor's iron-shod walking-stick was being vigorously pressed, and he stooped down. His face changed and quietly lifting the stick he said, "Excuse me, sir, but don't rub that name out." I looked and saw ALBERT EDWARD P.

"That's the name of the future King of England. The eldest son of our Queen, God bless her."

Frank was much more of a loyalist than an Egyptologist. He was also something of a stump speaker. He turned to his fifty comrades and said:

"Boys, the trip's over. We've shown the world that Canadians are as willing now as in days gone by to fight for the flag that's flying from the citadel over there." Frank here pointed to Cairo. "We've been used well and now we're going home. Before we go, lads, let us from the top of this old pyramid that has seen such strange things in its time, give three good Canadian cheers for the flag we've served and the Queen we love. Now, together."

Whose blood wouldn't flow faster and what eye wouldn't glisten as we cheered? None of that much scattered band I warrant.

The last "tiger" had hardly been given when Frank's two guides came forward with the usual cry of "backsheesh." Now that was a foolish proceeding on their part, for Frank's fighting blood was up and he remembered them. They were carried down the pyramid by sympathetic friends. Frank then, after an apology to the Professor for the desecration, proceeded to carve in large capitals, "F. Michie, Esq., Winnipeg, Man.," two inches below that of the Prince of Wales.

I didn't see Frank again till late in the afternoon. In the meantime we had duly inspected the Sphinx (Frank always called it "Sphinxix," one syllable not being enough for such a marvel), the tombs, and had had lunch and beer, pots of beer. A man can fall into worse hands than Cook's agency. The only "lions" left to be done were the two chambers, located in the interior of the Great Pyramid. I was one of the last that scrambled through the four-foot inclined passage leading to the King's chamber. I thought I must be nearing the center of the thirteen acres of solid stone, when I was startled by goblin-like yells and hoots as if the spirits of all the departed Pharaohs were holding high carnival immediately ahead. As I advanced it seemed that some old ghost with a particularly bad voice was lifting an air that seemed strangely familiar. Surely that couldn't be "Money Musk!" And could that sepulchral voice have really said, "Ladies to the center and gents' hands round." In a minute I could hear another air that couldn't be mistaken. "The Irish Washerwoman," which sounded weird like as it was wafted down the passage, and a roar of "Breakdown." Then the sepulchral voice said, "All circle to the left," followed by "Balance all," and I stepped into the sepulchre of one of Egypt's greatest kings.

There were only a few candles alight in the oblong chamber, and the figures of the eight athletic river-drivers, energetically putting the finishing touches to the last figure of a country cotton, looked fantastic and unearthly in the dim light. In a corner one fellow was vigorously lifting the dance music and in another Jim Borwick was calling off with a verve and enthusiasm that, however appropriate at a barn-raising on the banks of the Madawaska, seemed supremely ludicrous in the center of the Great Pyramid.

"Allemand left and all balance," and the vaulted chamber re-echoed to the vigorous shuffling of the dancers' feet.

"Step gently, boys," misquoted a thick voice, which I recognized as Michie's, from the elevated sarcophagus in the center of the chamber. "Yer tread is on an Empire's dust."

"Two or three empires I should think," answered Charlie B.—coughing, "with one kingdom and twelve republics thrown in, judging by the dust they are kicking up."

How Frank ever got up into that stone sarcophagus is as much a mystery to me as Cheops is to modern science. But there he was seated right in it, holding a candle in one hand and a flask in the other, and he was drunk, unmistakably drunk. I could hear him soliloquize, "I wish the boys in Winnipeg could see me now. Here I am in the center of a pyramid that was gray-headed when Abraham was alive, seated in a stone coffin once used by a king that's dead so long that nobody knows anything about him. I suppose it'll be the same with me. But I wonder where he is now, for he must have been a mummy. Stolen! I guess. Those Bedouins wouldn't only steal the coppers from a dead man's eyes; they'd steal the corpse and then ask backsheesh from the relations. They'd steal a king as quick as Boyle

would in a game of draw poker."

It was nearly sunset when we were assembled on the sand, awaiting the carriages for our drive back to barrack. The Bedouins gathered themselves together for a final onslaught. Frank had slipped and rolled down about the latter half of the narrow passage from the king's chamber, and he was sore all over. When the Arabs, more pertinacious than ever, reiterated their demands for backsheesh, with a melodramatic wave of the hand he said:

"When these beggars' great-grandfathers were alive, Napoleon made a highfaluting speech to his army about forty centuries overlooking them from yonder heights, and to fight well, and so forth. Now, boys, all I've got to say is, those niggers should be pulverized before we go. Let's pulverize them!"

I met a friend the other day, who had just made a tour of the world, and his visit to the Pyramids was discussed. I asked him about the guides. He told me that when he informed their sheik that although he was from America he was a Canadian, the Bedouins seemed alarmed and muttered something about not liking the Canadian kind of Americans. He was rather surprised, therefore, with the deference and consideration that was accorded him, which was in striking contrast to the persecution the rest of the party met with. I explained how it was.

## Life and Times of Martha Mason.

BY MACK.

## Interrupted and Concluded.

At the very outset I expressed a fear that the task of writing biography was beyond me, but a sense of duty impelled me to the effort. However, the reception which has been accorded the first chapters of this work has not been of a nature to dispel my misgivings. An author who fails so completely in his purpose as to have his strictures misconstrued as compliments, and his praise interpreted as being satirical, can do nothing better than abandon an undertaking for which he is unfitted. The ever gentle reader will understand with what amazement the author has found that his pictures of the domestic life of the Mason family have entirely failed to produce their natural effect. He has praised Martha Mason without stint and justified her whole course; he has condemned William Mason as a narrow and selfish man, incapable of realizing the wide usefulness of his wife, yet there are many readers who decide, upon the evidence advanced, that the woman was in fault and the man to be pitied. Nor is this all. From strangers little is expected, but when one is "wounded in the house of a friend" he is entitled to cry out against treachery. Those women, members of the B.Y.W. Sisterhood, and others who are engaged in useful work of one sort and another, who believe that they were created for nobler purposes than housekeeping and house-making, these, of whom the author has made himself the humble champion, have not thanked him for his efforts. They have written him angry letters, in which he is called stupid or malicious. One says, "Don't dwell on the husband or the home. Leave them out of it, or you will defeat your object. People are narrow. You can't convince them that the cause is more important than the small sacrifices it demands." Others do not approach the author in this confidential way, but score him harshly. He has therefore decided to throw the thing up in anger, with the full concurrence of the editor.

One word about the wicked husband. It is understood that he is going about jubilant over his vindication as he calls it—thus showing that my failure is complete. He is reported to have said that no contention of the facts could fail to show that he has been wrecked by his late wife's futile desire to be largely useful rather than humbly indispensable. Feeling unable to grapple with a man so dogmatic in his arguments and one who in his own person affords a well nigh incontestable evidence of his contention, I wrote to the Rev. Luxury Covet to assist in vindicating his late ally. He replies that he considers my whole undertaking indiscreet and declines to share the discredit of it.

Cuffed and rebuffed in this manner, what remains but to relinquish the attempt to do justice to "one who is gone?" It is a thankless and severe task. If you do not think it difficult to go through the records of a useful woman and show that the things which she accomplished were greater than those which she neglected; that her creations were greater than her destructions; that what did happen was preferable to what might have been; that the wife's highest duty is not to put her bread upon the family table but to cast it upon the waters faithfully, hoping that it will not waste but float away to succor unknown people in unknown places, or at worst amuse the eddies ere it becomes sodden and disappears—if you think this task easy, try it. The home dilapidated, cheerless; the husband's career an ignoble travesty upon what his talents promised at the outset; wreckage confronting you that cannot be waived aside—these are piled into the scale against the woman of Brigades and Sisterhoods. To balance this, pound for pound, and show a credit still due the woman, you have to pile up on the other end of the scale intangible results and visionary weights such as words spoken, advice given, speeches made, articles written, moral stamina imparted, foreign missions canvassed for; things numerous enough and imposing in name, but not of much weight when lying dispassionately in the scale. But at the conclusion of a woman's life these things must be placed in the balance pound for pound, and a debit or credit entered in the Book of Life. It is a feat for Omnipotence. For a human being to attempt it is vain, for all the intangible things he can pile upon the scale can never move the dead weight on the other half of the balance. You see, searching into this matter has reversed my views. The home is the inner sanctuary of religion more sacred than the Church. Christianity can better suffer the loss of the Church than of the home, and possibly one perfect, beautiful home is as great an instrument for the world's betterment as a well organized church. For no perfect church can be built save upon perfect homes; no public religion upon anything but private

righteousness; no remote good can atone for an immediate wrong. Wordy aid to the cause of the world's morality can not recompense for a murder done.

## Our Phillippa Abroad.

HERE are Christmases and Christmases. Last year I was in a benighted region where the thermometer pointed to twenty below zero. The snow was swirling in great fleecy wreaths down over the pine trees, and the little church was well nigh hidden in the drifts. There were evergreen and stag-horn moss, and ashberries, and pine, by way of decoration, and everyone was smothered up to the eyes in fur.

Yesterday was hot. All the windows were open, the Mediterranean was blinking in the sunshine, people were sitting out on their balconies basking in the warmth, and I beheld a dripping figure in very brief garments making his way up from the bathing pier. All the previous day we had labored in the church amid great, fragrant pyramids of flowers, and had tried hard to believe that we were decorating for Christmas and not for a wedding or Easter. The church looked beautiful when we had finished, but strange, and to our Western eyes almost inappropriate. There were palms, sent over from Mortola in Italy, and stately date fans, ferns of every description; there were roses of all colors and varieties, hyacinths, narcissi, daisies and maiden-hair.

It was Christmas and yet not Christmas, but if the greetings were in all the tongues of the Tower of Babel, they were at least as sincere as in our land of ice and snow. "Merry Christmas," said the stiff English lady at *dejeuner*. "Bon Noel," murmured the large-eyed, melancholy Frenchman. "Frohe Weihnachten," gobbled the fat German in an ecstasy of benevolence, and even the Russian baroness and the Polish countess ceased glaring at each other for the day and exchanged a "Bozie Narodzenie szczerzliwy" with unusual amiability, while the Yankee stroked his short chin and told us, with a glint of cordiality in his eye, that he wished us "Happiness with knots in it."

At dinner our *chef* surpassed himself and we waded through fifteen courses without a murmur. The big table was beautifully decorated with *pieces montees*, while crimson roses and orange blossoms were laid in a broad band down the center.

"What is *Supreme de Volaille a la Regence*?" demanded young Oxford, opposite, screwing in his eye-glass and regarding the lengthy *menu* despairingly. "And *Aspic de foie gras, en belle vue*. Ah, now we know where we are. This is *Faisan d'Angleterre en Voliere*."

Bernadine fairly jumped when the head waiter sailed proudly around the big table with a lovely pheasant, looking as if he were going to fly off the dish—the pheasant, not the waiter—his beautiful head erect, his wings outstretched, his grand tail pendent. Alas, we ate him five minutes later without the slightest compunction. Whether it was the effect of the bird or not, we all got flighty after that and drank each other's health in champagne, Vin Ordinaire, siphon, water—anything at all. We didn't drink the Queen or the President or the Republic, because we were of various countries and would have risen and rent each other, but the gentlemen gallantly drank "The Ladies," and the ladies returned thanks, and we drank "The Proprietor" and "The Cook," and then came that sweetest and saddest of all toasts, "Absent Friends." There was a little silence after that, and someone gave the ghost of a sob. But the German saved the banquet, for he clapped on an immense green cracker cap and beamed around with such a funny mixture of impudence and bashfulness that we all laughed and talked harder than ever to make up for that little strangled silence.

After dinner we had a dance in the *salon*, and someone got out the Toronto University song book, and we made the rafters ring with Mush Mush, and Clementine, and Massa, and Dixie, and after a tempestuous Swedish, which no one knew, in which all imagined they were proficient, our Christmas Day by the Mediterranean came to an end. I attach a *menu* for the benefit of any Toronto matron who may desire to see the latest thing in culinary inventions.

Menu.  
Poisson principal Royal.  
Saumon du Rhin, sauce riche.  
Filet de Boeuf a la Godard.  
Supreme de Volaille a la Regence.  
Aspic de foie gras en belle-vue.  
Asperges d'Argenteuil, sauce hollandaise.  
Faisan d'Angleterre en Voliere.  
Salade de Saison.  
Plum-pudding au Rhum.  
Glace a la Venetienne.  
Gateau neapolitain.  
Pique mouste.  
Dessert.

Mentone, France, Dec. 26. PHILLIPPA.

## Good Advice.

Judge Noonan, of San Antonio, Texas, who is a Republican, but was elected to Congress during the 6th of November landslide, is quite a humorist. On one occasion a young lawyer, who had just been admitted to the bar, asked him for advice.

"What is it you want advice about?" asked Judge Noonan blandly.

"A certain lawyer has been telling everybody that I am a donkey. Don't you think I ought to fight him or sue him for damages?"

"Fight him by all means. If you sue him he will prove it on you."

Miss Sears—Do you think George would marry me for my money? Ethel Knox—It might be worth trying; how much have you got?

A—How do you know that Maier has come in for a fortune? B—Why, formerly, people always said he was crazy; now they say he is original.

Penam—Col. Bloodyman's old war traits still cling to him. Nicks—How so? Penam—I dined with him last night and he gave the waiter no quarter.

Teacher—Johnny Green, point out Africa on the map. John—Eiseas, ma'am, it ain't polite to point.

Teacher—Now, Charlie, tell us what you know about Croesus? Charlie—Dudes wear 'em in their pants.



## Short Stories Retold.

An American, traveling in England, on one occasion happened to be in the neighborhood of Millbank Prison, and fancied that he would like a glimpse at that famous place of detention. "Can you tell me the way to Millbank?" he asked of a stout tradesman whom he met. "Aye," answered John Bull; "knock me down and rob me pockets, and you'll soon enough be on the straight road there!" Then, without vouchsafing any further information, he passed on with a chuckle.

One of Arthur Roberts' smartest repartees is being recalled. The piece was one of Farnie's. Joe Tapley started it by walking in ten minutes late, Harry Bracy came in ten minutes later, and ten later still in strolled the imperturbable Roberts. Farnie arose in his wrath. "Look here, Arthur, this is too bad. Tapley comes in ten minutes late first, then Bracy, and now you call in third." "Dear, dear," cried Arthur in great trepidation, "and didn't you back me for a place?"

The Chief Baron Pollock is very fond of telling the following story about himself: When he left St. Paul's School somewhat unexpectedly, and in a way which gave some offence to the High Master, the latter personage gave it as his opinion that he would live to be hanged. After a brilliant career at Cambridge, Pollock came out Senior Wrangler, and was elected Fellow of Trinity. On hearing this, his old master said: "I always foretold that he would fill a very exalted station."

Some Frenchmen were boasting of their "affairs of honor," when one of them, a Marcellais, declared that he had inflicted upon an antagonist the most dreadful fate that a duelist had ever met. "How was it?" asked everybody. "I was at a hotel, and I chanced to insult a total stranger. It turned out that he was a fencing-master. 'One or the other of us,' he declared, in fearful wrath, 'will not go out of this room alive!' So let it be!" I shouted in response; and then I rushed out of the room, locked the door behind me and left him there to die!

The other day a member of the Earl of Derby's family was telling the history of the Derby crest—an eagle brooding over its nest, in which lies a child. Sir Thomas Latham, the original owner of Knowsley, was one day walking in the grounds when the wail of an infant was heard. On tracing the cries, it was discovered that they came from an eagle's nest in one of the great trees, where a little baby girl was discovered in the nest, uninjured, having been carried there by an eagle. On the spot Sir Thomas adopted the infant, which became heiress to his estate, and by her marriage with Sir John Stanley may be said to have founded the present house of the Derby family.

A member of the Chamber of Deputies, much given to long speeches, one day found another deputy conversing in the lobby with a man whose face seemed familiar to him, but whom he could not remember. He fancied the man must be an intruding journalist. "Pardon me," he said to the other man, "but whom have we here?" "Allow me to introduce to you," answered the deputy, "the man who has written more falsehoods and stupidities than any other man living." "Indeed!" said the great man; "then my supposition was correct that he is a journalist?" "Not at all; he is the official stenographer of the Chamber."

A pretty story about a confiding child is told in *Harper's* this month, of the four-year-old son of a member of the Georgia legislature. Having left the boy in a room of one of the big hotels of the metropolis, with the command to go to bed immediately, he went down to seek his friends in the office. The bell-boys were soon thrown into consternation by the many and various calls from the room in which the little fellow had been left, and quite a number of them were soon collected there. But it was not ice-water, or fire, or a "B. and S." that the child wanted. He astonished the boys with this unusual request: "Please, sirs, send someone to me to hear me say my prayers."

The late Karl von Gerok, distinguished as a poet and as a minister of the Gospel, was one day walking down the middle of the street in Stuttgart—the sphere of his pastoral labors—carrying an umbrella by way of precaution, whilst the well-known prima donna of the Stuttgart opera troupe was tripping along the sidewalk, altogether unprepared for any treacherous freak of the weather, when suddenly a few drops of rain began to fall, which were but the prelude to a heavy shower. Herr von Gerok hastened to offer the lady the shelter of his umbrella. Though entire strangers to each other, they soon engaged in a friendly chat, and after a while the reverend gentleman remarked, "May I venture to ask your name?" To which the child of the Muses promptly replied, "It is plain to see that you never go to the opera; everybody knows that I am the leading singer at the Court Theater. Now it is my turn to ask to whom I am indebted for the protection of an umbrella?" "Your question clearly proves that you never go to church, for all religious people know that I am the chief pastor of this town."

Many years ago the late Sir John Macdonald was present at a public dinner at which he was expected to deliver a rather important speech. In the conviviality of the occasion he forgot the more serious duty of the evening, and when, at a late hour, he rose, his speech was by no means so luminous as it might have been. The reporter, knowing that he would not do to print his notes as they stood, called on Sir John next day and told him that he was not quite sure of having secured an accurate report. He was invited to read over his notes, but had not gone far when Sir John interrupted him with "That is not what I said." There was a pause and Sir John continued, "Let me repeat my remarks." He then walked up and down the room and delivered a most impressive speech in the hearing of the amused reporter, who took down every word as it fell from his lips. Having thanked Sir John for his courtesy, he was taking his leave, when he was recalled to receive this admonition: "Young man, allow me to give you this word of advice: Never again attempt to report a public speaker when you are drunk."

## Wanted to Deal.



Farmer Wayback (pointing to the sign)—Say, Mr. Grocer, what'll ye charge for a wife and three children?

## Fads and Fineries.

EVERY little while a new fad rears its head in fancy work and decoration. If it receives the approval of royalty in the Mother Land it becomes the fashion, and every person who is, as Max O'Rell puts it, "in it," straightway decorates her parlors with specimens of the work done by experts and teachers, and displays the outfit necessary to its production on some convenient point of observation. The visitors admire the cleverness of madame, and madame discreetly keeps her mouth shut as to explanations. We have had hammered brass decoration, and a table spread with wallets, chisels, picks and a scrap of half-traced design, and point-lace drapes reinforced by a studiously careless workbasket and a dainty gold thimble, and the fad of to day has developed into a decoration of leather which has seized the fancy of that charming princess who leads fashion in London, and also has been taken up by her daughters and other relatives and imitators.

The art of carving leather was introduced by the Moors, into Spain, several hundred years ago. It was subsequently brought to California by the Spaniards, who confined themselves for many years to the manufacture of saddles, harness, etc. When the Princess Louise visited California some years ago, she saw the work at Santa Barbara and suggested that belts, purses, card-cases, etc., be made, out of which suggestion the present immense trade in carved leather has grown.

The craze has reached Toronto and I saw some beautiful and useful specimens of the art at the Depository on King street recently. There are photo frames, portemonnaies, card-cases, and I believe the artist can also complete a wonderfully quaint and beautiful covering for library chairs and lounges. The work is practically indestructible and gives an air of elegance and antiquity to the article of furniture which must be seen to be appreciated.

Some of the new coiffures this month are particularly becoming and artistic. A new mode dresses the hair low on the neck and is a relief from the spirals and bows which have startled the friends of *la dame bien coiffée* in the past season. This Eugenie coiffure suits many faces which find the high hair too trying, and conceals what is not often a pretty spot at the nape of the neck. A very perfect specimen in golden hair is shown at Pemberton's pretty little window on Yonge street. These bewitching little bang combs are universally admired. Some, of cut steel, have had a great run and look well, either in dark or fair curls; they necessitate the parted coiffure and give a very piquant touch to the whole.

The manicure set is now an accompaniment of every properly furnished toilet-table, and fortunately the new celluloid sets are so cheap as to come within the means of anyone. They include the usual articles on a dainty little celluloid tray, which can be cleaned of dust or stain as easily as a sheet of glass. Next to the care of the complexion and hair, the proper care of the hands ranks in the means of presenting that delightful personage, a perfectly groomed woman, to the society of her friends. And not to be forgotten is the care of the teeth, which should be regularly brushed, first with some reliable dentifrice and thoroughly rinsed afterwards with pure tepid water. A good lot of toilet aids are the Perfection articles, face lotion, lip salve, powder and dentifrice, with soap fit for a baby's bath, which are kept also at Pemberton's. LA MODE.

## Taken While You Wait.

A stout old lady, seeing at one of the railway stations an automatic machine from which by dropping a penny in the slot you receive the portrait of a celebrity, carefully reconnoitred it. She dropped the coin in, and posed herself in front of the machine for a few seconds, opened the door, and drew out a portrait. Adjusting her spectacles and looking at it, what should meet her astonished gaze but a portrait of a lady acrobat in costume! "Well!" she ejaculated, "so this is me, eh? If I don't speak to the authorities about this, my name's not Maria Jenkins!"

## Russian Proverbs.

The Czar occupies a prominent part in Russian proverbial locutions. Many of these remind us of similar sayings current in Western Europe. We give here some of the most original specimens: "The crown does not preserve the Czar from headache." "Even a leprous Czar is pronounced healthy." "Even the dead body of the Czar decays, if it is not embalmed." "The voice of the Czar finds an

echo, even though there be no mountains near." "A tear-drop in the Czar's eye costs the country a good many pocket-handkerchiefs." "When the Czar writes verses—woe to the poets!" "What the Czar fails to achieve, time will bring to pass." "Even the Czar's cows bring forth nothing but calves." "When the Czar has the small-pox, the country carries the marks of the disease." "If the Czar presents you with an egg, he demands a fowl in return."—*Kreuz-Zeitung*.

## A WONDROUS STORY

Can be Vouched for by Scores of Heckston People.

Terrible Condition of Mr. John Irvine.

FRIENDS EXPECTED HIM TO DIE.

Medical Men Did Not Understand His Case.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND MADE A PERMANENT CURE.

A wonderful story comes from Heckston, Ont. It is full of comfort, assurance and glad, welcome news for the sick and those whom physicians cannot cure.

Mr. John Irvine of Heckston, Grenville Co., Ont., writes as follows: "Three years ago I had a severe attack of 'la grippe,' which left me in a very weak and debilitated condition. The next autumn I had another attack which left me in a very bad state. My health was nearly wrecked, I had no strength and felt tired all the time. I was so weak that my legs would not support my body, and I have often fallen to the ground when trying to attend to my work both in the field and in my barn, and would be compelled to lie wherever I had fallen, until I could muster sufficient strength to rise.

My appetite was all gone, and when I would try to eat, in order to gain strength, I would suffer untold misery for hours. It seemed to me that I was slowly starving to death.

I tried different doctors, but did not derive any benefit from their treatment. My friends thought I was going to die, and I verily believe I would have died had I not tried your Paine's Celery Compound. I bought six bottles, and can conscientiously say I received more benefit from it than I ever dreamed of; it was worth more to me than one hundred dollars' worth of medicines from the doctors. I began to improve in health before I had finished the first bottle; and to-day I am completely restored to health. I can do as good a day's work as I ever could, can now eat any kind of food without experiencing trouble afterward, and can sleep as well as when I was a boy.

"I have not had to use any of the Compound for months, which convinces me that the cure is permanent. I feel it my duty to let every sufferer know what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me, and it seems impossible for me to say all I should in its favor. My wife, who has been a sufferer for years with chronic rheumatism, was greatly benefited by the use of your medicine. I send you this testimony unsolicited."

## Improvements in Passenger Cars.

The Wagner Palace Car Company is revolutionizing the equipment of its cars and making them superior to anything of the kind in the world. One of the greatest improvements is the lighting of the cars with gas. The New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company is also equipping its passenger coaches with gas. About one hundred of them running out of New York City have been so equipped. The gas is compressed in a cylinder under each car, and one filling of the cylinder will last the round trip between New York and Chicago. The gas is made from petroleum, and furnishes a 60-candle power light as against a 16-candle power light under the old method. Coaches lighted with gas are as light as a parlor, and passengers can read as well in the night as in the daytime.—*From the Rome, N. Y., Sentinel*.

"You get off here," said Charan, as he warped his boat into the slip at the bottomless pit. "Dear me!" exclaimed the cyclist; "I am dis-

appointed. I did so want to try those gold pavements; but I suppose there are worse things than cinders, after all."

## Do Not Insure

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She (at the dinner)—I think our hostess is the most perfect lady I ever saw. He—Yes; but I notice that she made one break early in the evening. She—She always does that. It puts her guests more at their ease.

## Handsome Features.

Sometimes unsightly blotches, pimples or sallow opaque skin, destroys the attractiveness of handsome features. In all such cases Scott's Emulsion will build up the system and impart freshness and beauty.

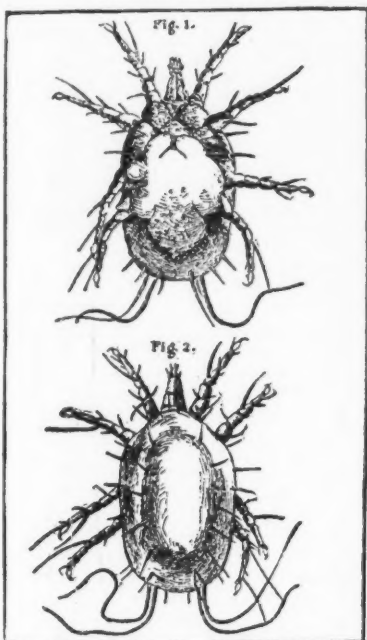
The minister's wife—A man called here for assistance to-day. He told me a very sad story—had to give up his employment on account of conscientious scruples. The minister—What was his employment? The minister's wife—He was a street-car conductor, and he could not continue to tell people that there was plenty of room in front.

## What are Raw Sugars?

Professor Cameron, Public Analyst of the city of Dublin, who has examined samples of raw sugar, states that they contained great numbers of disgusting insects, which produce a disgusting disease. Their shape is very accurately shown in the accompanying figures, magnified two hundred diameters. Fig. 1 is the under side and Fig. 2 is the upper side. His description is as follows:

"The *Acarus sacchari* is a formidably organized, exceedingly lively, and decidedly ugly little animal. From its oval-shaped body stretches forth a proboscis terminating in a kind of scissor, with which it seizes upon its food. Its organs of locomotion consist of eight legs, each jointed and furnished at its extremity with a hook. In the sugar, its movements are very slow, but when placed on a perfectly clean and dry surface, it moves along with great rapidity."

SUGAR INSECT.  
"Acarus Sacchari."  
FOUND IN RAW SUGAR.



Drawn from life from insects found in grocery Mauritius sugar. By Smith, Beck & Beck, Microscopists, London.

He adds that "the number of *Acarus* found in raw sugar is sometimes exceedingly great, and in no instance is the article quite free from either the insects or their eggs. Muscovado, as it comes from the colonies, should never be used."

He further says: "The *Acarus sacchari* do not occur in Refined Sugar of any quality, because they cannot pass through the charcoal filters of the refinery, and because Refined Sugar does not contain any nitrogenous substance upon which they could feed."

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN NERVOUS DISEASES

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN NERVOUS DISEASES

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ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN PARALYSIS

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN PARALYSIS

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN PARALYSIS

Mrs. B. M. Hall, Fernwood, Ill., U. S. A., August 15th, 1894, writes: "I am 61 years old. For two years I had been afflicted with partial paralysis of the lower limbs, rendering me unable to walk a block without complete exhaustion. After using Acetocura for five days the pain has entirely disappeared, permitting me to enjoy a good night's rest, and after ten days' treatment I was able to walk two miles without fatigue."

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"Are you fond of music, Tim?" queried Ike Hill the other day, of the gallant representative of "date." "Music, is it?" quoth Tim. "Faith, I am that. I am that fond I could listen to a barrel-organ all day. And, say, 'tis music, so 'tis, that makes a man satisfied with 'up an' down' of life." "Then," said he, "unfeeling Ike, 'listen to the band on your hat."

Theater manager—"You say you object to having real food on the table in the banquet scene. Mr. Greenspant, why the rest of the company are delighted at it. Mr. Greenspant—Yes; but my part requires me to rise from the table after a couple of mouthfuls, and say: 'I can not eat to-night—a strange dread comes over me; I will seek the quiet of yonder apartment for a time!'"



## Our Weekly Original Story

## How I Discovered Canada

Being a Manuscript Contributed by an Inmate of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum.

**D**URING the autumn of 1884, whilst indulging in a reverie by the seaside, a sudden conviction flashed into my mind that there was land to westward. I resolved to immortalize my name as the discoverer thereof, and immediately proceeded to an obscure port called Liverpool, not far from the Irish Sea, in order to avoid the attention of inquisitive persons. There I secretly hired a boat with a foreign name yclept the Parisian, in order to preserve my secret, and before daybreak one fine morning I set sail unobserved by vulgar eyes. After drifting about the watery ocean twelve days I landed at a place called Port Louis. The place appeared to be inhabited by natives of limited education, for notwithstanding every linguistic device I lavished upon them they did not appear to understand one word I spoke to them. As a last resource I quoted from a tract, which had been kindly lent me on the voyage by a South Sea missionary to relieve some spasms which attacked me without any provocation on my part. I said "Eternal Fire!" A ravishing chorus immediately greeted my ears, "Tres-bien, monsieur, to Toronto go you."

Noticing a steam wagon basking lazily in the sunshine, I quietly seated myself inside and calmly awaited the wind and tide. In less than three months the steam wagon arrived at the port of Toronto, where I jauntily tripped ashore. Strolling gaily through the depot I asked a person having all the polished manners as well as the uniform of an official, if he would tell me where I was going to. "You're going west," he graciously replied. As this coincided with my own opinion I only gave him a trifle over one thousand dollars for his valuable direction, being rather short of change at the time. Proceeding still to the west I met a Frenchman, who was endeavoring to support himself and a large newspaper office under trying circumstances. He was weeping bitterly, which aroused my sympathies. I tapped him gently on the shoulder and said, "What for you cry in French, monsieur? Wherefore you not cry in English so I may understand your trouble?" "Mon Dieu," he replied, "me no cry in French, me cry in Canada!"

Knowing I could not prevent this in a free country, I endeavored to console him with a parting salute in his native tongue, combining an intimation that I would be glad to meet him again, so I said "au-re, au-re, oh retire!" which he did.

The shades of evening were now gathering around me, which suggested the advisability of seeking repose, but where should I repose? This question was set at rest sooner than I was by the appearance of a youth of doubtful complexion soliciting me to purchase some native literature entitled the *Evening Telegram*. I promptly wrote him a cheque for one cent, that being the lowest price per copy of the latest edition. Glancing through its columns I noticed a section which had the flavor of a poet's corner. At last my eye rested on some stanzas entitled Apartments to Let. The names of all the leading characters were given just as you find them in Shakespeare's plays. At length I selected a stanza which seemed to suit my complaint. It read as follows:

Nice warm room, hot water, gas, stokers,  
If this don't suit you, then get a better-er.

I noted the duplication of the last syllable of the last word and concluded the family was musical and had probably taken singing lessons from Artemus Ward or some other traveling showman. This stanza was dedicated to a leading lady, which circumstance led me to proceed to her address. I rang the bell, and a tall military-looking female appeared on the scene. I said, "Is that your poem in the *Evening Telegram*?" but I hardly finished the sentence when she flew three blocks away screaming, "Bless my soul, you must be an Englishman!" I thought she was struck with me, so I followed her and soothed her till she became calm again. I then pleaded guilty with extenuating circumstances, assuring her that it had always been my intention to be born in Ireland, but unfortunately I missed a train. In insinuating tones I informed her it would interest me greatly to know what she was herself. "Oh," she said, "I'm a Baptist, I am, I've been baptized twice; once in a church and once in a river, and now I'm thankful to say I sit under Dr. Pinker." I congratulated her on being in such a comfortable position in life, and showed her other marks of sympathy which a magic lantern wouldn't have illustrated more vividly than I did, just on the spur of the moment, which she won upon her that she offered me a double-bedded room, but I implored her not to put such extravagant notions into my mind as I had always been satisfied to sleep in one bed at a time, and in my then fatigued condition I felt it would be impossible to sleep in two beds at once except on the instalment plan, which my parents and guardians objected to. I was then permitted to retire, and after a cautious night's slumber I rose, and partaking of a light breakfast, consisting chiefly of resurrection fritters, I took a stroll through the principal streets. Thinking I would like some delicacy for lunch, I walked into a meat store and asked if they had any link sausages. "No, sir," the man said. "Lynx are scarce this season."

I now began to cast about me for some kind of occupation, and remembering that when a mere boy I had acquired some reputation for beating a drum, and several other rude things, I concluded that I could teach singing. The climate had already begun to tell on me, as it appears to produce an impression that anybody can teach singing. I therefore hired a studio and advertised for pupils. In a short time I had several exceedingly rare specimens. One young gentleman waited upon me, whose voice led me to suppose that he could sing tenor. So, after exchanging the usual courtesies, I said, "I presume you can sing tenor, sir?" He drew himself into the form of an Eiffel tower, adjusted his eyeglasses, through which he glared at me for less than two hours in deathlike silence. At length he unbent himself and said:

"You presume that I can sing tenor? I can sing ten or forty."  
"Oh, please don't," I said. "It might fatigue you. Only deliver me two loads of mezzo-forte; half at a time will do." This young gentleman soon reached high C, where it is feared he lost himself, as for many seasons he has never been heard or seen. A still more interesting specimen in the person of a young lady interviewed me, whom I questioned to ascertain her proficiency. At last I asked, "Have you a musical ear?" to which she answered, "Well, I'm not quite sure, but you can look."

A very short experience in my new profession convinced me that the art of singing had been understood by the natives many thousands of years ago, if not more recently. Traces of the corkscrew method, the sliding scale method, the pile-the-azony method, the blow-blow-hard method were clearly discernible, so much so that I resolved to add to my other practice that of surgery, feeling convinced that an infallible method of voice production would be to apply a lance externally to the region of the glottis.

To vary the monotony of teaching music I applied myself to the study of the sister art of poetry. There has always been an affinity between my own and sister arts (hearts), which has been attributed to natural causes, and in an incredibly short time I had ready and waiting for the dilatory publisher certain poems. The following was composed for a young maiden aged 50 and entitled Consolation:

"Art not married yet, not married yet?"  
"Alas! cried she, they've not asked me yet."  
But it was in the following stanza, composed expressly for the late Joseph Smith of Salt Lake City, that my power as a poet exhibited its full development:

Oh, would that my love, with one fond blow,  
Could to heaven be sent, or down below.  
You will perceive that some of my compositions are in the form of common time, in fact some persons have been mean enough to insinuate that they are in very common time, but I will be avenged by writing one in wild time to suit the market. Many more of my compositions are incubating and will appear as vegetation advances. My next will be in future time.

For this is the last will and testament of  
Yours truly,  
A. Do Do.

P.S.—These poems were all originally written in manuscript.

**A Doubtful Compliment.**  
Artist (showing picture)—Now, my dear Glimmer, give me your candid opinion of my wood nymphs.

Glimmer—Perfect, my dear boy. One would actually think they were made of wood.

The artist is thinking this compliment over.

**Injured in the Accident.**  
Saffarer—I suppose we shall sue the railway company for about \$3,000 damages.

Lawyer—Three thousand dollars damages! Nonsense! Thirteen thousand at the very lowest, man!

Sufferer (surprised)—Why, I think I should be quite content if I got \$3,000 damages.  
Lawyer—Yes, probably you would; but I want at least \$10,000 for myself.—*Somerville Journal*.

**The Meek Little Woman.**

"I always mean to come to you for advice," said the meek little woman. "You never tell me wrong."

"What is it, dear?" asked the young husband, unconsciously straightening up with a proud sense of masculine superiority.

"Would you advise me to get my new coat in brown or dark blue?"

As it was the first time he had heard of the proposed garment he had to take time to consider.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

South Streeter—Ja-key, how you spells fite? Ja-key—Vot you dinkin' of, dot leedle flate or de mark on dem tree-tollar pants?

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**

For Colds and Coughs

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**M**R. Bell-Smith is to be congratulated on his successful journey to Halifax, where he still is at time of writing, and no one of our artists is better fitted to execute the commission which he has received from Lord Aberdeen to portray the landing of the Blenheim with Sir John Thompson's body. For this picture Mr. Bell-Smith is now at work making a number of sketches.

Holman Hunt has been appointed Romanes Lecturer at Oxford for 1895.

Dr. Neuhaus of Berlin claims to have discovered a method of photographing colors. His plates are so slow that they require three hours of exposure.

A picture of Tribby, recently completed by Constant Mayer, is to be on view at the Knoedler Galleries in Fifth avenue, New York, and will afterwards be shown in other cities. The picture will also be engraved, the engraving and publishing by Knoedler.

Augustus St. Gaudens, the famous American sculptor, is taking for his model of the horse, in the equestrian statue of General Sherman, the famous jumper Ontario, which is a Canadian bred, born in the County of Peel. Mr. St. Gaudens has had a long search before finding a horse that he considers satisfactory in all respects.

Benjamin Constant, the great French artist, is again in New York, his second visit to this country within a year or two. On the voyage out he painted the portrait of his countryman, Mr. Victor Maurel, in the character of Iago. As Mr. Constant is shortly to be followed by the equally eminent artist, Carolus Duran, there seems every prospect of a lively competition for commissions for portraits, decidedly high-priced ones. Carolus Duran, so it is said, is to paint the portrait of Mrs. George Gould. He is now in his fifty-sixth year. Few painters, an exchange says, have done such uniformly striking work in so many different lines. His portraits include a long list of names prominent in Paris society; he has painted a wide range of figure pieces and many landscapes, one of which is in the Luxembourg, and he has experimented successfully with sculpture. Carolus Duran's personality is as brilliant as his art. He has the true fire of genius, together with the courtliness of the successful professional man and the graces of the accomplished citizen of the great world. He is something of a musician, and is noted, even in his sixth decade, for his skill in horsemanship, swimming and fencing.

The annual drawing of prizes in connection with the Art Union of Canada, for which tickets have been sold since the exhibition in September, took place last week, January 9, at the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists. The drawing was conducted by Messrs. John Henderson, John Massey and Alexander Jardine, and pictures to the value of \$500, about twenty in all, have passed into the hands of their present owners. It may be well to mention that this method of disposing of works of art, pictures or sculpture has been in vogue in London, Paris and other centers from time immemorial almost, varying only slightly in minor details from year to year. With us it has been legalized since 1862. The value of the ticket is one dollar, which also entitles the holder to four admissions to the O. S. A. annual exhibition, thus meeting one-half the objection to the plan by giving an equivalent to the money expended. With the other half that deals with getting something for nothing the less said the better. One good feature with us is that the prize drawer may choose his picture to the value of his ticket or buy a higher-priced one and pay the difference; he is not obliged to take what may happen to be allotted.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

## A False Alarm.

Lady (to her husband)—I am growing so fat that I am beginning to feel quite alarmed about it. I have just discovered that I weigh two hundred and forty pounds.

"Two hundred and forty pounds! And where did you get weighed?"

"On the butcher's scales."

"Oh, then, call yourself! You weigh exactly half."—*Le Figaro*.

## A Word Fittly Spoken.

Dialogue between a very pretty songstress and a famous composer, who has no pretension to pose as a *bel-esprit*: "Tell me, my dear maestro, if you had your choice, which of the two would you prefer to be blind or deaf?"

"Deaf, madam, when I am looking at you, and blind when I hear you sing."—*Le Petit Meridional*.

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The Story of an Ex-Reeve of Carden Township.  
Seventeen Years of Intense Suffering from Rheumatism—Local Physicians and Treatment in Toronto General Hospital Failed to Help Him—He was Restored to Health and Activity.  
From the *Lindsay Post*.  
There are few men better known in Victoria county than Mr. Richard Fitzgerald, who was one of the first settlers of the township of Carden. He was elected to the honorable position of reeve of that township for twelve years, and filled the position with so much acceptance to the people that he was pressed to continue in office for a longer time, but was compelled to decline the honor. It therefore goes without saying that Mr. Fitzgerald is not only known to all the residents of the township, but that his word is considered by those who know him to be as good as his bond, and that upon anything he may say the most implicit confidence may be placed.

When young, a stronger or more hearty man could not be found, but possessed of an iron constitution he did what too many are prone to do, neglected his health and exposed himself to all sorts of weather, often in the pursuit of his calling as a farmer being wet to the skin for hours at a time. A little over seventeen years ago he found that he had contracted rheumatism of a muscular form, and each succeeding day found him in a worse condition. He applied to the local doctors in his neighborhood, but received no relief, and was then induced by them to apply for admission to the general hospital at Toronto for treatment, and was in that institution for several months, until he became disheartened at the want of success attending his treatment and returned home, as was thought to die. By this time the muscles of his body had become so contracted that he could not straighten his limbs, and was forced to spend the greater part of his time in bed, and when able to get around at all it was only with the aid of a stout pair of crutches. When he attempted to raise his feet his legs would crack at the knees like sticks of wood, caused, as the doctors told him, by the fluid in the joints being completely dried up. He was constipated to a fearful degree. When he retired at night there was not sufficient blood in his veins to keep him from feeling intensely cold, and in order to keep him warm his daughter knitted him woollen leggings and lined them with soft wool. Several times his family, a portion of whom reside in Michigan, were summoned home to see their father for the last time, as he was thought to be on his death-bed. Finally, after suffering as much bodily pain as would have killed an ordinary man, and at a time when he had not set his foot on the ground for a year, he was induced by his son to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, as he had heard of the many remarkable cures made by that remedy. It was after much persuasion that he was induced to give them a trial, as he had then spent a small fortune in medicines and different modes of treatment, under which he had steadily grown worse, and he had despaired of finding anything that would help him. At last he began the use of the Pink Pills and had not taken them long before he began to notice a decided improvement in his condition. Continuing their use he found he could get around much better than he had been able to do at any time for many years, and after a still further use of Pink Pills he was entirely relieved from all rheumatic pains and is now a wonder to himself and all who knew him. Mr. Fitzgerald is now 70 years of age, is able to walk to Kirkfield every day, and is enjoying better health than he has had since he was first affected.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus's dance, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

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Bagley—That pawnbroker bowed to your wife; does he know her? Brace—I presume he feels that he does; he has seen her picture so often inside the case of my watch.

Trivet—Miss Flop claims to have made a thousand refusals of offers of marriage. Dicer—That's easily explained. When young Calow asked her to marry him, she replied, "No, a thousand times no!"

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## The Mendelssohn Choir Concert.

**T**HAT the interest felt in choral singing by Torontonians has not abated, but was simply held in abeyance by them until sure of a good thing, was evinced by the size and brilliance of the audience that gathered to welcome the first appearance of the Mendelssohn Choir on Tuesday evening last at Massey Hall. Much was expected of the organization, for it was well known that there were included in the ranks of the society many prominent local singers, and besides, that the rehearsals had been both numerous and thorough, and it must in justice be told that the highest anticipations have been realized. To Mr. A. S. Vogt belongs the credit of the splendid exhibition of part-singing that we were treated to at the concert under notice. It has been my pleasant privilege to write of Mr. Vogt's qualifications as conductor of chorus heretofore, and the exceptionally fine results attained on Tuesday evening but strengthen the opinion previously expressed by me that that gentleman is certainly of the stuff of which conductors are made. Mr. Vogt's chorus is particularly notable for a lovely quality of tone (music, not noise), combined with readiness of attack and prompt response to the conductor's call for *crescendo* and *diminuendo*. In fact, the sympathy that should exist between conductor and chorus is every where apparent in the work of the Mendelssohn Choir, and for the bringing about of this end Mr. Vogt is entitled to all the eulogies he has been the recipient of at the hands of the press generally. Gail's fine glees in seven parts, entitled *Daybreak*, the society presented for their initial number, and I am sure that musicians will agree with me that it was a fine performance. The waltz *Idyl*, *Magic of Spring*, by Weinzierl, pleased the audience to the extent that it had to be repeated in part. A rather light composition in the popular German vein this, but it served to good purpose in showing contrasted tone coloring. The two well known part-songs, *I Hear the Soft Note* (Sullivan), and *You Stole My Love* (Macfarren), were given in a manner quite beyond criticism. Of course the latter number had to be repeated. The enunciation in this rapid little composition was an object lesson. Everyone knows Mendelssohn's fine motette, *Judge Me O God*. This sublime anthem was the *chef d'oeuvre* of the concert, and the climax (in eight parts) is something to be remembered. Albeit that it was well sung, Jensen's choral ballad, *Feast of Adonis*, did not please me as a composition. There is a lack of inspiration in it and a striving after dramatic effect that gives the impression of a series of anticlimaxes. As a novelty it was welcome, but it suffered by comparison with the magnificent composition of Mendelssohn's that preceded it. A lullaby, *Sweet and Low*, by Mr. T. Harold Mason of this city, was sung *con amore* by the choir and duly encored. It was an effective little thing and proved perhaps the most popular number of the programme, though some remembered that Barnby had set the same words. In my opinion the management made excellent choice in the way of assisting artists. They were Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, soprano, the Beethoven trio, Mr. H. M. Field, piano, Herr Heinrich Klingensfeld, violin, and Herr Rudolph Ruth, cello, and Mr. W. H. Hewlett, accompanist. Mme. Blauvelt is a most satisfying singer, for she pleases the eye fully as much as she charms the ear. In the *Jewel Song* from *Faust* the lady was most successful, but was not entirely happy in the selection of her encore number. Bouhy's *Au Printemps* is a fairly effective ballad, though Van der Stucken's *Fallah!* is a capital song, and I was glad when, upon her recall, Mme. Blauvelt repeated the last verse. Did space permit I would pay high compliments to the others mentioned.

## Music.

**A**MUSICAL exchange draws a gloomy picture concerning the present age as an epoch of little productivity and asks the question, "Who are the gods of music today?" In discussing this subject the same journal draws the following interesting conclusions: "Brahms, Dvorak and Verdi are really the most eminent composers of our time, and they stand alone in their special lines of work. Verdi has probably spoken his last word. It is true that rumors have floated about to the effect that he was at work upon a new opera on the subject of *Guglielmo*. But it has been said that these rumors are false—that Verdi himself has denied them. 'The papers are wrong,' said the splendid old man; 'it is finished, all is ended. The hour for rest has struck; I await the last knell.' Brahms has also in all probability done his best work, though his mind is still a treasure house and he will doubtless gladden us all with more gems like the clarinet quintet. Dvorak has indeed renewed his youth like the eagle by drinking copious draughts of the inspiration of a young and vigorous country. He has been incited to the composition of works whose notable beauty is not denied, no matter what may be said about the nationalism of their contents. But alas! Who can write like the old masters? The composers of to-day have turned their backs on the prophets; that is the trouble. They have put their back and their Mozart on the shelf. They do not feed their souls at the eternal fountains of musical youth." The same writer, although somewhat amused at the case in Germany about Humperdinck's new opera *Hansel and Gretel*, concludes, "Surely this Hansel and Gretel, with its massive orchestral convolutions, built upon themes that would grace the games of children, is a magnificent *reductio ad absurdum* of the

present tendency of musical art. 'Apres moi, le deluge,' says Humperdinck. But perchance he will prove to be the Noah of this flood, and by showing composers the true nature of their own folly will land them upon a new Ararat, whence they shall go forth to make a better and purer world of art."

A benefit concert in aid of the firemen killed and injured at the recent *Globe* building fire, was given on Saturday evening last in the Pavilion by artists under the concert management of Mr. H. M. Hirschberg of the Canadian Musical Agency. There was an audience present of about six hundred persons who, by their frequent applause, manifested the greatest satisfaction at the entertainment provided for them. Among those taking part were: Misses Fannie Sullivan, Bessie Findlay, Maude Snarr, Minnie E. Topping, Agnes Forbes, Norma Reynolds, Madame Marie Klingensfeld, and Messrs. A. D. Sturrock, P. R. Wallace, Alf. E. Ecclestone, Heinrich Klingensfeld and Giuseppe Dinelli. The accompaniments were



Mr. A. S. Vogt.

played by Miss Henrietta Shippe.

Mr. J. Humfrey Anger, Mus. Bac., F.R.C.O., gave the first of the six organ recitals of his special series, illustrative of the Development of Organ Music, at Association Hall on Saturday afternoon last in the presence of a representative and critical audience. Although a synopsis of the order of these recitals has already been given in this column, the sections into which Mr. Anger has divided them may, however, again be briefly stated as taking the following order, viz: The contrapuntal period, the transitional period, the emotional period (German school), the emotional period (English school), and transcriptions for the organ. Mr. Anger's programme on Saturday afternoon last embraced the following compositions illustrative of his lecture: *Cawzona* in F, G. Frescobaldi; *Overture* in D, Henry Purcell; *tocatta and fugue* in F, D. Baxthude; *Concerto* in G minor, allegro, andante and fugue—G. F. Handel; prelude and fugue in A minor, J. S. Bach; andante and allegro from the Cuckoo and Nightingale concerto, G. F. Handel; *tocatta* in C, with pedal solo, J. S. Bach; allegro moderato from the fourth concerto, Handel. In this exacting programme Mr. Anger demonstrated a high order of technical skill and gave constant and most satisfying evidences of a breadth of musical culture but too seldom met with. His lecture was admirably handled, the facts and opinions advanced being presented concisely and eloquently, and in a manner at once entertaining to the musicians present and instructive to the large number of students noticed in the audience.

The state concert given by their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen at Windsor Hall, Montreal, on Wednesday evening of last week, is said to have been the most brilliant social function and one of the finest concerts ever held in that city. After the concert His Excellency congratulated the secretary of the Philharmonic Society, Mr. Browning, upon the artistic success of the event. The Governor-General, who is a great lover of music, remarked after the performance that he had never been present at a concert where such a high standard of efficiency was maintained throughout the entire programme, both as regards the work of the vocal soloists and the playing of the Philharmonic orchestra. This compliment is no slight tribute to the character of public performances in our Eastern rival for musical supremacy in this country.

I have received from Mr. Clarence Lucas of London, England, formerly of Toronto, an album of six baritone songs from his pen, published by Messrs. Chappell & Co., the well known English music publishing house. These songs will form a valuable addition to the repertoire of any baritone vocalist. Dedications have been accepted by the following prominent people: Mr. George Henschel, Mr. Andrew Black, Mr. David Bispham, Mr. D. Francon Davies, Mr. Plunkett Greene and Mr. Norman Salmond. Mr. Lucas is at present engaged upon an opera concerning which he is very hopeful.

Mrs. Scrimger-Massie, the well known soprano soloist of Carlton street Methodist church choir, will be open for concert engagements for the balance of the season. This talented lady is one of the most brilliant of our resident solo vocalists and has earned for herself an enviable position among our native musicians.

Mr. Watkin Mills, the eminent English bass-baritone, gave a most enjoyable and educationally valuable song recital at the College of Music on Saturday afternoon last before a de-

lighted audience of students and friends of the College. The programme included the recitative and aria from Gounod's *Reine de Saba*—She Alone Charming My Sadness; O, Raddler Than the Cherry, from Handel's *Acis and Galatea*; The Wanderer, by Schubert; Sheltered Vales, by Formes; Yeoman's Wedding Song, by Poriatowski; In Cellar Cool—a German drinking song; Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond—a traditional Scotch song, and several ballads and humorous songs. These were all rendered in the inimitable style and magnificent voice which have made Mr. Mills' name famous on two continents.

The Toronto Vocal Club, under Mr. W. F. McNally's direction, will sing six numbers at their concert on January 29, among them Bennett's charming setting of Burn's *Mary Morison* and Estlin Fanning's dramatic part-song, *The Song of the Vikings*. The plan for this interesting event opens at Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's on January 25.

Mr. Blakeley's eighth popular organ concert will be given this afternoon in the Sherbourne street Methodist church at four o'clock. The programme will take the form of An Hour with Wagner. Mr. Blakeley will play arrangements from Lohengrin, The Mastersingers of Nuremberg, Flying Dutchman, Parsifal, Goettedaemmerung and Tannhauser.

Mr. Charles J. Miers of London, Ont., has composed an excellent two step dance movement entitled *Partners*, which has been published by a leading New York house. The rhythmic swing of this composition adapts it specially for dancing, for which purpose it will no doubt be largely used.

Miss Ella Roman, the popular solo contralto of the choir of Carlton street Methodist church, left for New York last week to study oratorio under Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, the well known vocal instructor. Upon her return Miss Roman will, I understand, again take up her work at the Carlton street church.

Miss Adele Lemaitre, laureate of the Quebec Academy of Music, who has filled the position of organist and choir directress at St. Patrick's church for many years, has resigned. Miss Lemaitre has made an enviable reputation as a musician, having been associated with the late Very Rev. Father Laurent in the rendering of some very important works. I am informed that Miss Lemaitre will shortly enter a field which will give fuller scope to her ability.

Mr. Watkin Mills, whose singing has so charmed Toronto audiences, gave a song recital at the Toronto Conservatory of Music on Saturday afternoon last for the students, who had the opportunity of listening to a delightfully diversified programme by the talented artist.

A small pipe organ was recently erected in the Cobourg Presbyterian church, Halifax, by Messrs. S. R. Warren & Son. The pastor, in speaking of it, says: "It is admirable in interior and exterior. The tone of this very excellent organ is all I can desire in quality and quantity, and the case is simply perfect. All who have seen the organ have spoken of the beauty of the design, and those who saw it in progress of construction, and who have seen the interior since, have noticed the careful finishing of the minutest details."

MODERATO.

## Aces.

Mrs. Jack Pott—I think the men who play poker with John must be awfully charitable. Auntie Upp—Why?

Mrs. Jack Pott—Why, I heard him tell a friend that he got the biggest pot of the evening because he had "three little ones." Bless the children!

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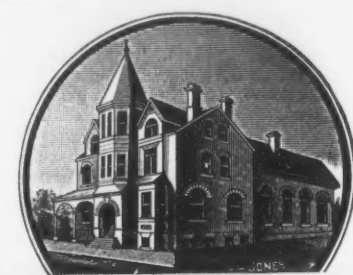
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## Social and Personal.

Rev. A. H. and Mrs. Wright, nee Mason, have returned and will receive at Harr Hall Wednesday, Thursday and Friday next week, and on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Alder Bliss returned home on Saturday Ottawa.

Mrs. Greenshields has gone home to Montreal.

Miss Mudge is visiting Mrs. W. S. Lee.

Mrs. Shanley of Toronto street, Barrie, gave a very successful party on Wednesday evening, January 9, in honor of Miss Deane of Buffalo.

Miss Kemp and Miss Edith Abercrombie of Brooklyn, N.Y., are visiting their sister and aunt, Mrs. R. D. Lundy of 52 Springhurst avenue, Parkdale.

Mrs. Coulson gave a delightful evening on Tuesday for her guests, Miss Reford and Miss Welford of Montreal.

A lovely young people's evening was given last night by Mrs. Lash of Grenville street.

Mrs. A. H. Backus of Port Rowan is visiting Mrs. McLean Howard.

The Bachelors of Orangeville hold an assembly on February 12, in the Town Hall.

The Athletic dance last evening was very successfully attended. Almost every ticket was sold on Thursday.

The Misses Brush of Orange, N.J., are spending a few weeks with Mrs. Seely B. Brush of Sherbourne street.

Dr. G. S. Tweedie of Sandusky, Mich., is visiting his father, Dr. Tweedie of Simpson street.

In regard to a fashion prevalent in some hospitable houses of offering tea to callers, would it not be more sensible to postpone the hour until five o'clock or thereabouts? No woman wants to ruin her digestion by drinking tea at three or four houses during an afternoon of calls.

The Driving Club went up Jarvis street in the style on Saturday, with a string of tandems and several pairs and rendezvoused afterwards at Stanley Barracks.

The fine sleighing has brought out all of our handsome turnouts, and the streets have been very gay both mornings and afternoons.

A sweet little hostess on Grosvenor street is Mrs. Temple Robinson who is *en ménage* at 69, where she receives on Tuesdays. One gets tea from the most exquisite china cups in Mrs. Robinson's pretty drawing-room, and these lovely affairs are the betrothal gift of twenty-five girl friends. I mention this as a suggestion to Toronto people in view of the numerous engagements which have been and will be announced this season.

Many friends think with kind sympathy of Miss Tina Dick, who suffered such a sudden bereavement in the death of her father last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Ponton are happy over the arrival of little Miss Ponton, who is all that a baby should be in health and comeliness.

Judge and Mrs. Kingsmill had a flying visit from Commander Charles S. Kingsmill of the Denholm last week. The guest only remained over Sunday, on which day a very large family party dined with the Commander at his father's, Judge Kingsmill. On Monday evening Mr. Nicol Kingsmill gave a dinner, after which the visitor left for Halifax and sailed for England on Thursday.

The dance given by the Fifty Club took place in the ball-room of the Confederation Life Building, owing to the destruction of Webb's by fire.

Mrs. Scott of Carlton street gave a couple of teas on Tuesday and Saturday of last week, which were very pleasant.

Miss Clara Tomlinson gave a euchre party on Tuesday of last week. Mr. Nourse is a guest at Howden Holm.

The Mendelssohn Choir concert was, as I predicted, a social as well as a musical triumph. The Massey Music Hall has not held a smarter audience than was present last Tuesday. The Government House party sat opposite the stage in the gallery, in which locality I remarked several stylish parties. Mrs. Arthur, with Mr. and Mrs. Austin, Mrs. and Miss Drayton, were in the front row, also Major and Mrs. Cosby, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson and Mr. and Mrs. Tackaberry. Mr. E. Strachan Cox brought his sweet daughter, Miss Evelyn, who has fulfilled the promise of her pretty childhood and come back from Europe a charming *debutante*. The boxes, which are most cosy and snug, held several pretty parties. Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Melfort Boulton and Mr. Nordheim were in one; Mr. and Mrs. Stanton King and guests in another, while Mr. and Mrs. Hart Massey occupied their own box and very much enjoyed the concert. For that matter, so did the vast audience, and rapturously greeted pretty Miss Blauvelt, who sang gloriously and looked very lovely in a quaint gown of green and white. Mr. Mason's Sweet and Low interested social lights who have the pleasure of knowing the young composer. Mr. Mason is a member of the choir, and had not the satisfaction of hearing how well his composition sounded in our ears. Herr Ruth gave a cello solo which was beautifully played, and heightened the interest which always encircles a newcomer of note in musical circles. Toronto has now a cello player of whom she may demand great things.

Mrs. Guy Warwick of Sunnyside left on Thursday for a visit to Mrs. Shambrooke and Mrs. Macpherson of Hamilton.

Mrs. Tackaberry entertained the French Club last Saturday, and as she always does, made the evening very pleasant and bright. The club bade farewell to Mr. Charles Catto,

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Miss Lillian Gibson of Prospect street gave a most enjoyable dance to a few of her many friends on Friday evening of last week. Among those present were: Misses Pringle, Lang, Barry, Tait, Poucher, Gibson, Maxwell, Lobb, Biggar, Bickell; Messrs. Wright, Lang, Bickell, Smith, Gowan, Greer, Mitchell, Biggar, McRay and Stedhill. A most delightful evening was spent, Miss Gibson making a charming hostess.

Mrs. and Miss Anette Woodbridge of Kalamazoo, Mich., are visiting Mrs. T. Woodbridge of Wellesley street.

Miss Jessie Lee Barnes of Lexington, Ky., who was one of the charming bridesmaids at the MacArthur Woodbridge wedding, returned last week to her home. Her piquant face and bright and cheery smile won for her many friends during her short visit.

The Misses Humphrey of Bohemia, Church street, gave a progressive euchre party on Tuesday evening of last week. The first prize, an antique silver paper knife, was won by Miss Irene Hamilton. The booty was carried off by Mr. Harry Worthington. Those present were: The Misses MacIntyre, Miss Steele, the Misses Kilner, Miss Chyck Taylor, Miss Findley, Miss Hamilton, and Messrs. Cooper, Scott, Jacks,



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Mrs. Harold Jarvis of St. Paul, with her little son and daughter, are the guests of her father-in-law, Mr. Edgar Jarvis. To Mrs. Jarvis's numerous friends this will be welcome news.

Mrs. Arthur B. Harris of Springfield-on-the-Credit gave a delightful dance at her residence (Benares) on Thursday, January 10. In addition to the local *coterie*, guests were present from Toronto and Paris, Ont.

The gentlemen of Waterford gave a dance in the Opera House on Wednesday evening, January 9. About one hundred and twenty-five from Waterford, Brantford, Simcoe, Tilsonburg, Port Dover, Port Rowan, Hamilton and other places were present. The party proved to be a grand success in every respect. The decoration of bunting and Chinese lanterns added much to the

beauty of the scene. Much credit is due the ladies for the elegant supper, given, and all present declared themselves as being more than pleased with the manner in which they were entertained and expressed many thanks for the hospitality shown by the Waterford people. The pretty costumes being so numerous it would be impossible to attempt to describe them without showing partiality. The music furnished by an orchestra from London was quite in line with the other part of the programme. A party of about thirty, chaperoned by Mrs. F. T. Wilkes, arrived by special train from Brantford about nine o'clock. The party broke up about three o'clock and all went home much pleased with the enjoyable evening spent.

Miss Marion Barker of 226 Beverley street gave a very charming tea to a large number of her young friends on Saturday last. Misses Ethel Mulock, Rosalie Boulton and Bessie Thompson, dressed very prettily in white and yellow, presided over the refreshment tables.

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The pleasant afternoon wound up with a skirt dance.

The Misses Dawson gave a young people's tea on Monday, at which many of the season's debutantes were present. A very jolly hour was spent in the hospitable home on College street, where comfort and *savoir vivre* are more thought of than upholstery and smartness.

Just for a Change.

"The doctor has ordered me to try a change for a while," said Mrs. Gabb.  
"Then if I were you I would go to a photographer's and have my picture taken," said Mr. Gabb.  
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Papa Caught.

First little boy—What you laughin' at?  
Second little boy—Papa is scoldin' everybody in the house, 'cause he says he can't lay a thing down a minute without someone pickin' it up and losin' it—  
"What's he lost?"  
"His pencil."  
"Where is it?"  
"Behind his ear."—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

Ladies' Tailoring.

The early models for spring show most marked departures from the vogue of the past season, but beyond question the costume for outdoor wear has been thoroughly established as tailor made. The Ladies' Tailoring Co. (late Auburn & Co.), 81 King street west, having permitted the departure of Mr. Auburn, has now beyond question the very best fitters and workers in the Dominion, and offer this month all the newest ideas in suits of worsted, covert suitings, fuzes, tweeds, etc., at \$20, everything furnished, an offer that certainly has never been approached in Canada and cannot be equalled even in Europe, and it may be specially noted that this is the only house in the city employing practical tailors on ladies' work.—*Advt.*

The Troubles of a Biographer.

Brown—Hobbs is working on his life of Napoleon, but he isn't at all satisfied with it.  
Jones—That is something new. He is usually very much pleased with everything he does.  
Brown—Yes; but it isn't easy for Hobbs to make himself out more important than Napoleon.

Unshackled—I deduct from the census report that two can live as cheaply as one.  
Shackled—When you add to the census report you will see the difference.

"I suppose," observed the tramp bitterly, "you would like to have me get off the car. But I can not." "Have you tried soft soap?" asked the woman in the blue gingham dress, dispassionately.

"I would die for you!" insisted the rich old sailor. "Oh, it's very easy to promise," rejoined the maiden sceptically.

Dolly Swift—The price-mark on Jack's gift is quite plain, \$17.50. Sally Gay—H'm! I wonder what it really cost?

"I can't decide on a Christmas gift for Arthur." "Give him yourself." "He made me promise not to give him an expensive present."

Old Beau—How you have grown since I saw you a year ago, Miss Winifred! Bright-eyed daisy—I'm not the smallest fraction of an inch taller, Mr. Gayman. I got my growth three years ago. Old Beau—Oh, but you've grown ever so much in my estimation!

Mrs. Penfield—My husband has found a way by which he says I am of the greatest help to him in his literary work. Mrs. Hillaire—How nice that must be for you, my dear! But how are you able to do it? Mrs. Penfield—As soon as I see him at his desk, I go into another room and keep perfectly quiet until he has finished.

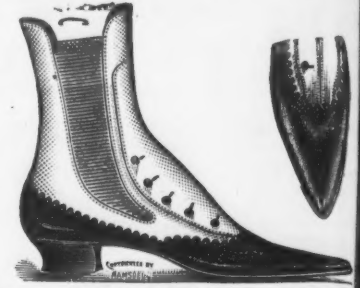
Englishman (patronizingly)—Your school faculties are excellent, I am told. American (sneeringly)—Well, I should say. See the Smithsonian Institute over there? Think of a building like that, just to educate the Smiths.

"That is an enormous pyramid you are building," observed a royal visitor at Egypt's court, "but it seems a purposeless kind of structure. What is it for?" "When the top-stone is laid," replied King Cheops guardedly, "you will see the point."

Mr. Gamble—Would you like to take a chance in a lottery, Miss Overage? Miss Overage (blushing)—This is so sudden, sir.

The Author of Ben Hur.

General Lew Wallace, the celebrated author of Ben Hur, The Fair God, The Prince of India and other widely known books, will appear at the Pavilion on January 31 in his most popular subject, How I Came to Write Ben Hur. He goes without saying that General Lew Wallace will draw one of the largest and most fashionable audiences of the season. A subscription list may be found at Nordheimer's.



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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

**Births.**  
DENOVAN—Jan. 8 Mrs. Allan Denovan—a son.  
HAINE—Jan. 7, Mrs. A. L. Haine—a son.  
SAGAR—Jan. 2, Mrs. W. L. Sagar—a son.  
GIBSON—Jan. 13, Mrs. W. O. Gibson—a daughter.  
ROBERTS—Jan. 11, Mrs. John D. Roberts—a son.  
BROWN—Jan. 11, Mrs. Vera Brown—a daughter.  
GIFFORD—Jan. 10, Mrs. J. R. Gifford—a daughter.

**Marriages.**  
SMITH—FLEET—Jan. 9, Frank Crowell Smith to A. Fleet.  
JONES—WALTON—Jan. 1, Arthur Jones to Elizabeth Walton.  
BURNET—GRUNDY—Jan. 1, George B. Burnet to A. Grundy.  
LYNCH—LYNCH—Jan. 8, Jasper Foulkes Lynch to George A. Lynch.  
SAUNDERS—MOORE—Jan. 15, John C. Saunders to A. Louisa Moore.  
HENDERSON—FISHER—Jan. 9, Alex Henderson to M. Fisher.  
COATES—JOHNSON—Dec. 31, A. C. Coates to C. Johnson.  
REVILLE—GOULD—Jan. 9, Ralph Henry Renville to Helen J. Gould.

**Deaths.**  
OWEN—Detroit, Jan. 4, John Owen.  
TAYLOR—New York, Jan. 7, Wm. Taylor, aged 80.  
DICK—Jan. 11, James Dick, aged 75.  
CORLETT—Jan. 13, Robert Corlett, aged 75.  
CLARK—Jan. 12, Jane Mortimer Topp Clark, aged 80.  
HARBOTTE—Jan. 13, Katherine H. Harbottle, an infant.  
LIVINGSTONE—Jan. 6, Malcolm Livingstone, aged 51.  
AIRD—Jan. 11, Martha K. W. Aird, aged 76.  
LUKE—Jan. 11, Joseph Luke, aged 80.  
CRAIG—Jan. 10, O. H. Craig.  
DONOVAN—Jan. 25, Cornelius Donovan, M.A., aged 41.  
MEREDITH—Jan. 16, Edmund A. J. Meredith, aged 83.

**DR. G. L. BALL** DENTIST Tel. 113  
Following dissolution of partnership, remains in Dr. Ball's late office, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets.

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